

The lone player

by rachpilai

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Summary: After 12 long years, the servers hosting the hugely immersive DMMORPG Yggdrasil are shutdown. But while most of the players decided to logoff at the end of the festivities, a lone one stayed until the last moment. That decision inevitably altered his fate, as his character was transferred in an alternate world.

1. Prologue

****This is my first fanfiction, so please be gentle.****

****This is also not my native language, so please be gentle.****

****I'm not sure if this story will please you, so be gentle with the reviews.****

****Hop you like it.****

*** * ***

><p>The sky is dark, the clouds are thick. The land is green, the grass dances within the wind's will. The forest is quiet, while the plain is bombarded by the jittery of thousands of soldiers.<p>

Their foot strike the earth, shattering the global silence who was ruling this peaceful area.

The two kingdoms are at war, their leader need land, wealth and a purpose for their armies.

They both agreed on the same terms: I need what's yours, and by force I shall make it mine.

The respective flags were blown by the calm gust, singing a monotonous choir with no heart nor praise.

Death was waiting, sipping his tea nearby, watching with a bored look the two groups facing each other.

It was hard to tell if any of them were truly ready for this fight. However, it wasn't about having a choice, but having the guts.

Raising shields and swords and axes and spears and bows, they didn't roar, but listened to the commander's speech about the enemy's cowardice, the glory awaiting everyone here at the end of this battle, and to never let the fear strike one's heart.

Someone blew in the horn, announcing the beginning of the battle.

They are not prepared. Nobody but the veterans are. This is the first battle for most of them. The intention to kill is not present, only fear is filling their mind.

However, if you ask yourself, between the fear to see someone take your life, and the fear to take someone else's life, which one will grant you the courage to brave this challenge first?

There is one who is a farmer, conscripted to replenish the forces. He lived by the hoe, and always thought he'll die in his natal village. He's already married, had the chance to cuddle his two sons, to teach them the farmer's inner work.

He never went outside, and never was interested in the world outside of the village. He was of course a citizen of the kingdom he lived in, so he couldn't refuse the conscription call when the king's men came to recruit. But still, that was a horrible pain, to leave his family behind, with the persistent nightmare of not seeing any of them.

There is another who is a craftsman, working the stone and the wood for various usage. He too never was interested in anything else but what lives inside his village. He was married, but fate decided otherwise, and gave his wife a terrible disease which claimed her life.

He is a friend to the farmer, the both glanced at the other with a terribly worried look. Will they ever be able to come back from this war? How many lives were already used and lost?

Far too many. And yet, they continue to throw them, unwilling to listen to their people's lament.

But that was to be expected. Leaders don't act with charity in mind, but with the idea of receiving clear and positive results.

On the other side, there also were farmers, carpenters, fishers, hunters, woodcutters, smiths, and even women and children. It was a plain evidence about how desperate one was against the other.

The war started sixteen years ago, and this battle could be the last for the opponent.

The battlecry has been shouted, the men begin now to march forward, guided by a single man.

Show them no mercy, told them the commander of the army, for they are the enemy of the kingdom of Pelidyme!

Captivated by the sudden change of atmosphere, the two friends also shoot in unison, running with their comrades to give death.

The defender formed a wall of spear to receive the first attack. This tactic is hugely effective against horsemen, but against footmenâ€¦ When they were packed, and just kept running straight, there wasn't much of a difference.

Blood spread on the plain, the spears perforated the chest of many, leaving them with a horrified look, crying and feeling despair, before falling aimlessly on the ground, like puppets whose strings has been cut.

But it was too late to be shocked by such tragedy. They lost more than fifty men, it was their duty to take ten times this amount of head.

Swords were ready, and they slashed through the barely raised shields of the newcomers, while the ones with more experience managed to block the attack.

The farmer was first afraid, but now he was enraged.

His mind was focused on only one sentence.

If I don't kill them, they'll kill my family.

Such words could bring a man to murder another.

This act would usually leave a bad taste in a normal guy's mouth.

But this was war. Killing is not forbidden.

Completely transformed in a berserker, what was previously a farmer is now a man with a blade covered in blood, and sins crawling on his back.

But he couldn't step back now. He wasn't ready for this, but if he stops now, then someone will come put an end to his life.

Roaring like a beast, he slashed and slashed without stopping himself.

The melee was intense, he had to check everything around him. Is that a friend, or a foe? But he stopped thinking the moment blood urged in his brain, and threw his weapon at the back of this unaware soldier.

The body fell on the ground without making any sound. He just knew too much what he had killed in this instant. It was the teary face of a scared children, who will never go home now.

This brought him to a halt. Just for this moment, he started to think again, and finally realized what he has done.

He killed someone. What was the price again? Humanity? Sanity?

His muscles weren't cramped for only this much effort, yet he stopped moving. This act would be suicidal in a huge battle, but it was meaningless to think about it.

What he was slaughtering until now was no less than what a warrior wouldn't even call a small fry.

There weren't soldiers, but the last wall that protected the one man who united the kingdom of Blue: its people.

But that wasn't all that was surrounding him. He looked with a panicked pair of eyes what was going on around him. Bodies sleeping on each other. Unknown faces fighting each other with various weapons. Profanities hurled at one's opponent. Laments everywhere. Can't we just call it a nightmare, instead of cruel reality?

On each side, there were many lost. They lost citizens, they lost manpower, but that didn't mean they lost the war.

Around him, people kept dying. One had a blade through his stomach. Another had his neck cut. One was strangely spared, but you could see he held his arm, or what is left of. All kind of body laid on the bloodied ground.

The question now was: why wouldn't they stop it? Why would they continue to struggle, instead of resigning and dropping their weapons?

It needed no answer, because it was obvious why they couldn't.

If they stop fighting, then their homeland is doomed.

"Retreat! Retreat!"

It was the enemy leader, which decided to bring his troop under the cover of the nearby forest.

Defeat was on their side. Victory is Pelidyme's.

The men first attempted to give chase, but the horn called them back. Discipline was a keyword, and nobody could go against it without meeting his demise.

And just like that, they won the battle, and with it, the war.

The enemy's kingdom was at his edge, they would either surrender orâ€|

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

What was that? Someone asked.

Someone hurled, obviously.

But that wasn't to celebrate victory, nor was it to complain about defeat. This voice was not full of bliss nor full of anger. Curiosity made them static, watching the retreating soldiersâ€| Coming back at full speed.

"To formation! Quickly!"

Everyone listened, but something was still hard to explain.

The enemy came back faster than expected after this decisive defeat, so whyâ€¦ Why didn't they bring their weapons?

Every man is nervous, and they are right.

The general is uneasy, and they all understand why.

But those simple emotions were suddenly replaced with one way stronger and heavier.

What frightened them so much in this instant was the sight of a black wave coming from the depth of the forest.

Roughly the size of a dogs, but numbered above the millions, they crawled at an alarming speed on their spiked legs, overwhelming the retreating people under an insuppressible force of claws and bites.

Covering the earth like ink-stained paper, the manhunt of the spiders has begun.

* * *

><p>Not really long, but hope it's enough for you all.

As I said, it's my first fanfiction. I mostly wrote it on a whip, so I'm not sure how many chapters I'll publish until I drop it.

But let's hope for the best!

... Have a nice day.

2. Chapter 1

So... I thought it would be a good idea to publish the next chapter, instead of waiting...

Hope you like it!

* * *

><p>Year 2138. The concept of virtual reality already became common. In addition, the gaming industry decided to sail on this expensive and promising boat, heading to a never-before-seen technology.<p>

DMMORPG, Dive Massively Multiplayer Role Playing Game, was the new genre which brought an immense uproar to all gamers for the ability to immerse oneself inside a huge virtual world.

And among the various products sold, one shined brighter than any other.

Yggdrasil.

This game offered to his players to adventure in a fantasy world, but that wasn't all the content it could offer. Nursed by the Nordic mythology, seven worlds were entirely within the gamers' grasps, while also being able to fully customize his own one-off character.

With more than 700 playable races, starting from the usual humans, dwarves, elves and so on, followed by goblins, orcs and ogres, and last but not less: the heteromorphic races. Stronger than all the others, while being restricted in some area.

Add in the grand job system, with his determining and almost close to hundreds of different classes, with the possibility to combine them, and you get the game which attracted the biggest number of purchasers.

With those settings, it was close to impossible to have exactly the same character than someone else.

Yggdrasil made his name through the world for twelve years. And now, twelve years after his release, the servers' shutdown has been announced.

Inside one of the cities in the world of Midgard, freely open to players, the festival was already over. Two hours of beautiful fireworks flared through the sky, accompanied by cheers and massive spells which affected the whole area. But it was safe zone, so nobody got hurt.

At the end, a system message spread, appearing in front of everyone's eyes in order to ask them to logoff, while thanking them for their support until the last day.

"So it's overâ€¦"

A sad whisper travelled through the wind, far from the town. Inside the darkness of the woods, multiple pairs of eyes shined with a reddish malice. The creature had a humanoid form, however his appearance looked nothing like human.

Covered with a purplish robe, only the face was visible under the hood, and the sharpened claws that are used as hands. The visage looked like one of a dangerous insect, with the constantly moving mandibles, and the eight red orbs which describes the eyes.

On each of his six fingers, he wore a ring that possessed tremendous power. Some had bizarre inscriptions, while two of them held a brilliant ruby and a magnificent sapphire. Chained to his waist, dangled a mysterious grimoire that contained lines about truth and lies.

His robe, made of a dense material, had dozen of gems slot on the surface of his torso, while a bump told everyone about his hunchbacked body, which was already distorted enough with the outer natural shell.

In Yggdrasil, in the heteromorphic races' list, you could choose

between a skeleton, a werewolf, a slime or anything else. Something that was by the appearance irregular.

Players could choose to create a character with such things commonly called monsters.

Amidst the wide variety, this one selected the spiderling race, for curious personal reasons.

The spider-like creature looked at his wrist, making strange noise with his mandibles while letting out a small sigh.

"It's almost timeâ€¦ Should be going tooâ€¦"

23:48:12

Even for a big deal like Yggdrasil, there was no such thing like facial manipulation. Players could show emoticons, but their avatar wouldn't move an inch. But still, the developers managed to create some minors details, like the automatically moving mandibles, which makes creaking sounds without anyone's consent.

It deactivated itself while being near enemies of course, for stealth purpose. Otherwise, it would just continue his creaking without any purpose in mind.

"â€¦ No, nothing else to doâ€¦"

Inside the game, this player was a lone gamer. People usually gather together, build clans and guilds, then battle against each other for supremacy. That was a kind of a norm, for MMORPGs, but Yggdrasil never punished in any way those ones who decided to seclude themselves.

Of course, it was harder to gain levels, loot important items and so on, but it was still not impossible. There was a myriad of achievements in the game, and some of them required something else than simple and pure strength.

"At least I have themâ€¦ Should download before server's offâ€¦"

Outside the game, this player was all alone. Single, no brother nor sister, parents in the afterworld. No job, can't find one or just being denied the offer. This game was his sole sanctuary.

Was.

Now, it's over, like a dream which is about to end.

You'll soon wake up, and you'll remember everything, but that will change nothing.

Memories. You can cheer with them, but you can't sell them.

"Ah, that's right, I must go tomorrow for my meetingâ€¦ Hope I get this jobâ€¦"

That was his only ray of hope. Without any proper job, no salary. And without money, you slowly stop being someone. People kick you out of

your house, with nothing to live under or to eat or to drink or to wash yourself.

If he can't get this job, then everything he has done so far would really mean nothing.

Yet, does memories only can cheer us? That would be a shame.

He looked a second time at his watch.

23:57:28

Time's soon over. What he was trying to download was the lore of the game he scratched in some blank books.

During his travel, he managed to discover a lot of stuff. Stories, myths, legends. But more importantly, what he was trying to do was finding the hidden clues in those tales.

He once laid his hands on a powerful armour, thanks to one of the tips he had read in those ruins.

Yggdrasil classified the quality of the equipment in grades: Lesser, Minor, Medium, Major, Greater, Legacy, Relic, Legendary, and the greatest of all: Divine.

What he found was not better than a Legendary, but still a high one.

A small icon appeared in the corner of his vision.

"Ok, download completeâ€|"

Everything he recorded in his grimoires has been transferred on his personal computer. It was the result of his hard work, and couldn't just let it go.

"And nowâ€|."

And now, nothing else.

Everything was done, the preparations are complete.

There was nothing else to doâ€| Than wait for the imminent shutdown.

While checking that all his books have been correctly downloaded, his eyes met with the character tab.

Navigating with his fingers, he opened the menu, which showed all the specs of his character.

_Name: Netera
>Level: 96

"Ah rightâ€| That did happenâ€|"

The level cap was 100. You need seven or more jobs to reach it, and the experience required to gain a level exponentially expended as you approached the limit.

Yggdrasil don't allow the creation of a second character, so you better go full on your one and only character. If players did complain, there was still a way to change your jobs when you were at full level.

PVP, Player Versus Player, was a hugely supported system that permitted players to kill each other to obtain rewards. It was also immensely abused by everyone, as a rule forced the defeated player to drop his strongest item on the ground.

Not only do you constantly fear to lose your precious stuff just by walking outside of a safe zone, but you also could lose experience, leading to a loss of level. And, of course, the bigger the level, the deeper the loss.

He was once ambushed on his way home, and lost a headset which could have bestowed an important reduction of mana consumption. Bad times.

But that didn't really matter for Netere, as he always more or less avoided combat with other players. In fact, he only lost some levels on an auxiliary job, which didn't really granted him grand bonuses.

Excited, he continued to read in his mind all the jobs he obtained, all the talents he unlocked, all the spells he learnt. But he didn't have the time to read them again.

What he did, thinking it was the right thing to do, was standing still, crossing his arms, and slowly closing his eyes before taking a deep breath.

Because it was a virtual reality, the player couldn't feel anything physically. The absence of the sense of touch and smell seems off at the beginning, but you get used to it after some bad habits.

23:59:48

That's why, what he should be fillingâ€¦|

23:59:52

What he should be filling right nowâ€¦|

23:59:58

Is the soft embrace of his bedâ€¦| And nothing elseâ€¦|

00:00:00

The softâ€¦|

00:00:01

Embraceâ€¦|

00:00:02

Of his bedâ€|

00:00:03

â€|

00:00:04

What the heck?

00:00:05

Isn'tâ€| Isn't it supposed to be the end?

What happened?

Netere quickly checked the time on the HUD, but what should have displayed the current date and time wasn't here anymore.

It was rare to find a bug, as most of them were actually designed by the developers. They weren't really dangerous and don't make you disappear through the ground, or makes your beloved items vanish without a warning.

But to be unable to open the main menu, that was a huge problem.

Without it, a player couldn't navigate through the tabs, and couldn't check his profile, change the settings, or disconnect from the game.

"What's happening? Is it some kind of joke?"

He waved multiple times his hand in the air, but still nothing appeared.

That was clearly an issue that would bring calamity to his social life. Even if he doesn't really have one.

In times like this, there was but one solution that always resolved all his problems: calling a GM, a Game Master.

They were employees callable by players when they meet a bug, just like now.

Netere put his hand near his ear before speaking loud and clear.

"[Call GM]."

To contact one, you need to use the general skill [Call GM], possessed by all players.

In Yggdrasil, there is two methods to use a skill. You either travel through different organized disks which hold the skills or spells you unlocked through your job, or, with a special setting, you could attach one to a vocal recognition.

It was a sharp tool, which quickly analysed your spoken words and checked your personal library for a match. It either activated

instantly the skill, or simply ignored what you just said if nothing was found.

However, it is not a must-have for mages, as fingers sometimes run faster than your tongue, and you had to always make sure you don't misspell or accidentally talk about one of your favourite skill during a guild meeting. But it is still useful for simple orders.

What he heard was the usual sound effect played during an attempted connection.

You sometimes just had to wait one or two minutes before you get someone on the other side.

Howeverâ€¦|

This time, the connection failed.

"â€¦| What?"

It was rare to find a bug, but even rarer, if not impossible, to have no support taking the phone on the hook.

"Are they busy shutting down the servers?"

It was hard to tell. The system already announced the deadline, and without his HUD, he couldn't tell anymore.

But what was truly frightening was the inability to call anyone from the society.

"[Call GM]."

Netere tried once more, but received the exact same answer. Connection failed.

"Damnâ€¦| [Message]."

Similar to [Call GM], [Message] gave the player the opportunity to contact someone from his friend list.

"Ahâ€¦| That's rightâ€¦| It's emptyâ€¦|"

â€¦| He DID met people, but never added them in his friend list.

Well, he did sometimes, but the other side removed him from their one or two month later.

Hard feelings.

With no way to contact anyone, what was left to him wasâ€¦| To go to the nearby town, and ask the remaining players.

Midgard is the starter world for humans and classics races. A heteromorphic like Netere wasn't welcome at all. But he still thought he could try.

Yggdrasil is already dead, there is no profit in bullying anyone now.

Without the local map displayed on his screen, he had to rely on his own orientation skill. By the way, he hadn't any, but for some reasons, it was still enough to locate the closest town.

In the middle of the night, shining like a star surrounded by darkness, the torches illuminated what was a fortified town. The circular walls encircled the buildings, keeping its inhabitants safe from the dangers of the wild.

But all this is mostly meaningless, as players usually hunt the local fauna for the loot and the gold.

Inside the game, those structures were nothing more than indestructible data to show off.

Those kind of place is, by the norm, filled with NPCs, Non-Playable Characters. They are independent programs running a model of a villager, a guard or anything else, have the ability to repeat the five same lines during the whole day, and can give quests.

In most RPGs, the common way to grind levels was with the quest system. A NPC asks for this many items, or the slaughter of this many monsters. There were of course more kind of quests, but those both were the one giving the biggest rewards, most of the time.

And, because they are programs, they barely mimics human personality through comparisons of data. For example, if they see a spiderling like Netere, they would scream, and absolutely refuse to deal with him. It made it kind of difficult to buy and sell, but that wasn't the main point here. That wasn't important at all right now. What he needs is to meet other players, and to ask them what's going on.

He suddenly stopped. Even if he still didn't meet any player, he still stopped in his tracks.

What he is just feelingâ€¦

"Is this the wind?"

Replicating the sound of the wind wasn't a big challenge for the developers. But what was truly impossible to concretize is the exportation of physical sensation to the real body.

Actually, Netere didn't really knew the stuff about it. But he still knew, like everyone else, that Yggdrasil, being a virtual world, closed all feelings that one could sense through his hands, his mouth, or anything that isn't visual or auditory.

It made in-game liquor and food tastes nothing at all, but that was still acceptable, after a few bad habits.

You could sit on a chair without feeling the cracking woods under your weight.

You could grab a sword without sensing the grasp of the knob.

And you could hear the wind blew without feeling it caressing your face.

That's why the question popped in his mind.

"Why am I feeling the wind?"

It wasn't cold, nor was it warm. It was justâ€¦ Here.

"â€¦ That shouldn't be possible."

Could the developers really have falsified the shutdown of the servers, in order to hide the implementation of something new?

But is it really something like Yggdrasil 2?

It just feltâ€¦ Off.

It wasn't unpleasant, discomforting or anything like this. It just feltâ€¦ Real.

It made him remember his past, as a useless human being in the society.

How many years did he wasted on video games?

Was it really the good choice, to spend that much time on his hobby?

Do the outside air really feels that fresh?

Netere couldn't help but take a long breath. It was, indeed, truly refreshing.

Did the outside air always felt that fresh?

What is it? Some kind of serene mind? He just felt at peace. Right here, right nowâ€¦ He just wanted to stay like this, a bit longerâ€¦

"No noâ€¦ I need to find someone. [Call GM]."

But even after the third attempt, the result was still the same. It clearly demonstrated how fucked up the situation was.

It did leave him with no choice.

"Let's go to the townâ€¦"

It was roughly at ten minutes at foot from his position. Was the town that far away?

"â€¦ [Teleportation]."

The surroundings instantly changed, leaving no trace of whatever presence he had in the forest. The atmosphere wasn't the same. If the air between the trees is natural, then this one is civilised.

The change was subtle, yet obviously distinguishable for him.

â€¦ This is weird. The more he thinks about it, the more he thinks everything is weird.

He is in a game. He shouldn't be feeling the caress of the wind, sniffing the humidity of the environment. He shouldn't be feeling that hungry.

"Am I drooling?"

He touched his mandibles, and what came out of his mouth was a sort of sticky saliva. His stomach was horribly grumbling from emptiness.

He was indeed terribly starving. It was a strange feeling, because right now, his mind became more ravenous. What he should be doing isn't anymore the same. It was still about finding help, but not about strange things like logout option, but exquisite and ample stock of food.

Netere walked to the solid-looking doors.

They blocked his path.

The solution was simple.

"[Ethereal form]."

His body suddenly glowed in a shy green light, while becoming slightly transparent, giving the idea of a lost ghost.

His hand passed through the wooden gate without meeting any resistance.

The plan was working.

He crossed the entrance with no effort, and halted. Once again. This time for a good reason.

His eyes met something kind of unexpected.

Playing with a set of cards, accompanied with beers, a group of guards was standing nearby, watching with big round eyes what looked like a devilish nightmare.

The two sides stopped moving. They didn't even bother blinking, as the sight was new for both of them.

Netere, who was as surprised as them, broke the silence with a short sentence.

"Why are NPCs playing cards?"

He didn't expect any answer from them, as they supposedly were NPCs. As said, programs with determined actions.

He, of course, met NPCs playing cards, but not guards who were supposed to patrol or stand still until a threat appears nearby.

No, on the contrary, the answer he received was even more surprising than what he thought.

"Monster!"

* * *

><p>I like reading stories, and I like writing them.<p>

So... Writing a story about a story I've read... It's funny.

I first thought about replacing Momonga and cie., but then told myself that it would be more interesting if the MC was transported in a different world.

Or maybe it's just a different part of the same world... Who knows?

3. Chapter 2

New chapter. Yay!

I'm trying something right now, hope you'll like it.

By the way, I just noticed something from FanFiction...

They said I published chapter 2, but I named it "Chapter 1".

Eh eh... Silly FanFiction...

* * *

><p>My name is Alain, and I'm about to die.<p>

To sayâ€¦ I knew the day was already going to be a bad one. The bread was eaten by the rats, so we had to pick in this soup the cook hurriedly made for us.

It was horrible. I truly wished I didn't have the sense of taste at this moment.

So no bread, and a disgusting liquid to fulfil our stomach. What a nice day.

But I stayed optimist. I tried, at least, before being told to be on night watch this time.

Well, it's ok, I'll be with some compatriots. One of them will bring a deck and we'll willingly play whatever we want.

Being on night watch means I had to rest until evening came.

So, without any bread, with a disgusting soup supposed to satisfy my hunger, I slept in the dormitory.

That too, I tried. I tried my best, but Iâ€¦ Failed? I'm not sure, but if you can fail at falling asleep, then yes, I did fail.

My stomach started to growl, telling me that he wasn't satisfied at all.

I did apologize many times, but he ignored me, and continued to harass me with painful moans.

Unable to sleep, Iâ€¦ Did nothing but lay on the bed, until the sun set.

That was boring. I had the feeling of wasting my time.

Well. Night watch. With friends. I'll try to bring some beers if I have the time.

And after a couple of hours meditating, I finally fell asleepâ€¦ To wake up another couple of hours later.

At least I'm not a guy who oversleep unintentionally.

But the sun was still not set, so I had time to check for the beers.

I left the bed, and walked toward the nearby tavern. The guy managing this place is an old friend. Well, he's a friend to every guards.

He's a cool one, for reducing the price by five coppers exclusively for the guards. I like him. And he don't sell low quality.

I gently galloped, looking for the entrance of the well-known place, talked a bit with the old man, before quickly leaving to attend my duty.

I asked him to bring us the beloved beer at the main gate. I didn't have to pay in advance, he trusts us quite a lot.

Then, time flew like an arrow, and we gathered around a table to playâ€¦ What was the name again? Ah crap, I just keep forgetting the important stuff.

Everything was fine and all, we mostly had to welcome anyone who would be knocking at the gate.

Of course, by welcoming, I mean interrogating him, and then decide between locking him until morning or just throw him in the mud.

The hard part was to keep watching all the night, and you'd better not start yawning, or everyone will start, and it'll be over.

That's why the cards. And the beers. Men need beer.

This night was a bit colder than usual. The orange season will soon begin, and leaves will fall on the ground, swiftly followed by the snow every person in this town kind of hate.

It's cold, it doesn't taste anything, and, seriously, it's damn cold.

I'm sensitive to cold. Way too much if you ask me. I really dislike this feeling of chilliness.

The night went on without any warning, untilâ€¦ Until something changed.

We heard and saw nothing, yet we were pretty certain something did change.

"Hey guysâ€¦ Did you see something?"

"You should stop drinking, Alain. It's making you hallucinate."

"No no, seriously, listenâ€¦"

We were in the middle of a small party, but we still know how to become serious when the time needed it.

And the more we waitedâ€¦ The more the same thing changed more and more.

It just kept growing, likeâ€¦ Like something was slowly closing the distance.

And the more it grew, the more we felt uneasy.

That wasn't alcohol sickness. That wasn't comparable at all. Because we all know exactly what this sensation is.

Our hands shacked, our legs quailed and our jaw trembled more and more.

"What's going on?"

We wanted to shoot, but no sound came from our throat. It's like something kept crawling on our body, making usâ€¦ Out of ourselves.

Me, I was sweating. I'm not cold any more. It's way worse now. I'm engulfed by terror.

We all locked our eyes on the gates, like if we were expecting this thing to come out from this place exactly.

I heard my neighbours gulping discreetly, but the silence made it like it echoed through the town. We shivered, two of us have already unsheathed their weapon.

They weren't overreacting, I would do the same if I knew what was going on.

Then, we saw it.

It came from the door, like we expected.

But it was far crueller than what we could have imagined.

The hand was totally inhumane, grasping the air with its spiked luminescent claws like it was desperately looking for something. And following behind, it appeared.

The body wasn't huge, but with its gas-like appearance, it looked like it could encase us at any moment.

It looked at us, and it wasn't out of bravery that we didn't stepped back. Our legs simply refused to move, surely thinking something like it won't notice us if we stay still.

"â€| Why are NPCs playing cards?"

Itâ€| It spoke! What should we do? What should we do?

Weâ€| We need toâ€| I need to run, Orâ€|

"Mâ€| Monster!"

One of us finally broke under the pressure, and ran as fast as he could inside the barracks.

I can't tell if he's stupid or outrageously courageous to give it a try, but hell I'd like to do the same.

Time stopped in his course, while the monster from a fairy-tale walked in our direction. His ghastly aura disappeared, but what emerged from this was even more dreadful.

The body was that of a hunchback, but the face was nothing but human. It had dozen of eyes, horrific mandibles, and it was clearly drooling from starvation.

"Uuuhgâ€| "

The man on my right side fell on the ground. Did he faint? Man I'm jealous.

But he wasn't alone, we all did, we fainted one after another the more this thing approached us.

And, at last, I was the only one still conscious.

Iâ€| I think I'm crying like a little child.

It's ridiculous and shameful, but I just can't stop.

I can't even run away from this, it's like I'm entangled in a web of a hungry predator.

The creature looked at me. What made it even more horrifying was that we shared the same size.

It grabbed my arms, and with eyes full of malice, he said.

"Give me food."

This time, I joined my comrades in a long and never-ending sleep.

"What the hell? Did he just fall asleep?"

Netere, still holding the guard in his arm, looked at him with a confused expression. What should he be thinking, now that those guys all laid on the ground, like puppets whose strings has been cut. It was hard to find a proper answer.

At first glance, he selected the assumption than those guards were actually low level players, who tried to leisurely spend time together while the servers were being shut down. That's why Yggdrasil attracted a wide public. It's not simply a game where you gain levels

and achieve great performances. You could as well buy a set of cards at the general seller, and play rami or poker or whatever you have in mind.

Players also have the freedom to create their own deck, just like anyone was able to write in a blank book. You could write documentations about existing dungeons, monsters and the items they drop, followed by the success rate. You could write fictional stories, and some of them were actually pretty good. And, finally, you could fabricate your own cards.

Players first imported existing board games inside the game, but they soon realised that you could add a bit more jinx to these games. That's how the Yggdrasil Card Game begun. It was purely fan-made, but it was still a good one, with interesting rules. Some tournaments were hold by official supporters, however it never surpassed the real tournaments hosted by the developers.

However, what he was currently holding was nothing more than a sleeping bag in iron armour. Disappointed, he quickly let it go, but didn't fail to notice the reinforced wooden door behind them. Certainly a passage to some hideouts. Netere didn't paid it any attention. Hunger tormented him more and more. He never felt that much pain inside his belly. That was unbearable for his confused brain.

"Damn! I need food!"

He noticed some small barrel that must have been tankards for a drink. There are many way to consume items like potions or food. The most common way was to drink it, but you could as well pour its content on yourself. The result is the same. Aliments weren't different, you just had to activate the item by touching it with your lips.

Grabbing the drinks, he gulped it at a dangerous speed. As said earlier, you can't physically sense anything, be it accidentally or intently. To replace those feelings, a message usually pop up, describing with words the taste of your food. Sugar for apples, bitter for whatever is bitter. But stillâ€¦

"Disgusting!"

Netere threw away the awful alcohol. It truly tasted horrible. He may haven't frequented a lot of bar, and bought expensive and tasteful wine or beer. But, really, this one was way beyond being nasty. And still, that wasn't the biggest problem here.

He did taste the beer, and did find it disgusting. He shouldn't have. The game can't or didn't allow such reaction. This confused him more and more, because it went against his comprehension and logic. They clearly announced the end of Yggdrasil, and yet he's still here. The servers are shut down, and yet he's here, drinking sickening liquor and meeting fainting people.

"WHAT'S GOING ON?!"

This doesn't makes sense. He need to go. He need to find more food. Hunger keeps menacing his kindness. He's already not used to chat with people and is afraid to be judged by his shy attitude. This

stress was already enough to gnaw his nerves. But being on top of that famished to this point, he was already prepared to punch anyone who's coming to annoy him.

"I NEED FOOD!"

His legs moved, running at an alarming speed for the human's eye. The whole town was asleep, but that didn't mean everyone was sleeping. A few meters away, a couple of what looked like warriors stood still under the light of the lantern, ready to unsheathe their weapon at any time. It was easier to think of them as newbies than those previous guards that definitely must have been NPCs.

They lookedâ€¦ Terrified. Did they must met a ghost? Or maybe they are as confused as him about this unexpected disappearance of the logout option. Newcomers were all the same, afraid of the idea of being stuck for some strange esoteric reasons. "Are they stupid?" is what every confirmed gamer would ask, but you could easily understand why. For being suddenly throw in a different world, of course they would feel out of place.

They still lookedâ€¦ Terrified. Maybe they are scared about the idea of being PKed by a random spiderling? They are right to fear, even if it's not for the reason Netere is thinking about.

Long ago, a special system was proposed to maintain local security, while promoting one's strength through the kingdom. The adventurers were born, and with them, their batch of quests and monsters. It worked well under the jurisdiction of the adventurer's guild, which was responsible for the registration of the willing ones, the maintenance of every individual's level and, of course, the acceptance of new quests.

People need help, they go to the guild, send a request. The guild receive the payment, analyse the content of the request, and finally publish it in the nearby basements. It was a solid network which helped maintaining security in the country.

Adventurers were ranked based on their accomplishments. It was classified in a simple list: Copper, Iron, Silver, Platinum, Mithril, Orichacum, and Adamantium, the finest of all. Everyone started from scratch, but only two group succeeded the impossible.

Those adventurers were awarded with the Adamantium title for bringing an end to a walking disaster, which threatened the whole world by itself. And while a group of guards, who are enough to kill a group of goblins, are only ranked Iron, those two adventurers here were ranked Silver. It only showed how much worth they were, and how much experience they gained through numerous fights to the death.

But this one was obviously incomparable with the others. What laid in front of them was nothing like a curious creature which managed one way or another to enter the city. They already felt something was off, but the moment their eyes met this thing, they couldn't go back now. This mistake couldn't be fixed with a retreat.

"Broâ€¦ You thinkâ€¦"

"Don't knowâ€¦ But get readyâ€¦"

"You fools!"

"Hiiii!"

Abashed by the unexpected words spoken by the creature, the two adventurers carelessly started the fight. One of them threw a dagger, but fear distorted his vision, and only managed to hit the floor. The second took his sword and raised his shield, preparing himself to receive the shock of a furious attack.

"It's already over, but you keep fighting!"

"Don't lose focus! It's trying to deceive us!"

"I know!"

They were both ready to fight until the end. They already did it a hundred times, they are used to engage alongside death. And even if they know they have no chance, their instinct told them trying to escape was unthinkable. You can't run away from this thing.

But it didn't come. The tension was wrecking their nerve, but they couldn't lower their guard now. The monster was only waiting for this. One was a ranger, a mix between thief and hunter who manipulated a short bow for close combat and a short sword for emergencies. The second played the role of a tank, readying his stance to minimize the impact he'll have to withstand.

"Ahhh I don't care. Just share me some food. I'm so hungry right now."

"It wants to eat us, bro!"

"I know!"

It only made their uneasiness heavier and heavier, knowing that they'll die inside the stomach of this monster.

"Wait! don't you have some bug repellent? Maybe it'll work on him!"

The ranger quickly searched inside his pockets and bag, but only came back empty-handed.

"Nope!"

"Ahhh damn it! Just give me food!"

"AAAAAH HE'S COMING!"

"I KNOW!"

Netere ran in their direction. The speed was horrible and inhumane, the creaking of the mandibles made it even more frightening, and the drool coming from the mouth made the ranger throw up.

"Evry! You OK?!"

"No!"

Suddenly, he fell on the ground, tears flowing on his face. Was he crying since the beginning? The second adventurer couldn't tell, he was too much focused on this threat to pay attention to anything else. Being alone against such foe. He just realized he too was crying for a while.

The claws closed on his shield and his arm, depriving him from his mobility, and his sanity. The monster "Was huger than him" It could "Like" Gulp him in one bite if he wanted. The sticky drool fell on the ground, splashing on his boots with a discomfoting feeling. However, what was worst was the gruesome proximity of his face. The mandibles clasped against each other. And before he lost his consciousness, he heard the last words of the monster.

"STOP FALLING UNCONSCIOUS!"

Netere was obviously angry. The confusing parts kept piling up one after the other, and nobody would give him any answers. They wouldn't share any food with him either. Worse, they would actually faint when he get closer to them. This was truly annoying.

"WHY DO THEY KEEP"? Wait."

He just remembered something.

Skills were divided in different categories, but the two most important were the actives and the passives. Actives were skills used instantly or channelled, and would execute a determined action, like making yourself invisible, or summoning a pet from the other world. Passives were constantly activated skills which granted the player various bonus. Amongst the passives, there was a category called [Aura], making it possible to share the bonus with your surrounding allies.

Most passives were beneficial for the player, while some were not for his enemies. It could passively reduce the damage output, slowly burn away the health bar or causes specific status effect. Yggdrasil also proposed racial skills, unique to a designed race, which were more or less stronger than the learnable skill equivalent.

Spiderlings had multiple racial skills, like producing a web or walking leisurely on the walls. And, somewhere in the list, you could obtain a passive aura, [Natural predator], which strikes fear in every mortals' heart. Humans were no exceptions. The lower level of the skill would only reduce the global stats of a character, but the higher you climb, the more advantageous it becomes for you.

"Crap" Forgot to deactivate it"

For example, a huge difference in levels could occasionally make the opponent faint in despair. But even if people would first find it overpowered, a simple skill improving one's resistance to fear could make this skill close to useless. It was still useful in low-level areas. Sometimes.

" Well... Fuck"

Finally understanding what was happening, Netere wanted to hide for the remaining days. However, hunger strikes once more, and he needed to eat right now. His eyes stopped on the bodies of the adventurer.

The delicious smell comes from them. He quickly investigate the bodies to find his new favourite meat.

* * *

><p>Chapters are short. Sorry.<p>

But I don't want to make them too long. Too much work, and it's easier to separate the scenes.

I wonder how far I'll go with this story...

4. Chapter 3

I woke up early this morning, and was curious about how it was going over here.

Yay, I got more reviews and followers! It means readers like my story!

Gonna write more of this. Readers need new chapters.

* * *

><p>Heteromorphic races were known for a couple of their attributes. First of the list, their stats, when compared to the classic races or the humanoids, were largely superiors. But that advantage was accompanied by a special set of skills. Contrary to the ones that increased even more their power, those ones lowered certain aspects of a character.<p>

Skeletons had strong slash resistance, but mediocre holy resistance. Slimes had a special set of equipment tree, preventing them, for example, to wear boots. Of course, Spiderlings weren't off the chart, and had their own maluses. The most famous was their low magic resistance, especially against fire. They also lack resistance against specifics meteorological status, which could disable some of their racial skills.

Rain disabled the wall-walk ability. One good enough reason to water the environment before starting a guild war.

However, those negative skills didn't levelled up, which meant you could one way or another balance out low fire resistance by adding fire resistant items. But the malus was so high, it made some players forget about counterbalancing. Netere wasn't different, he didn't fix the parts that made him fragile.

Nobody knew how vast the developers' imagination was, but it also included maluses about food consumption. You had a wide variety of skills negatively affecting this one, like needing ten times more food than a standard human, otherwise you'll be slowly losing health points. Ten times the standard amount a human would eat in a day. This immense hunger couldn't be sated with a mereâ€|

"â€| Still tastes like sugar."

Netere munched the apple he found inside the bags of the two adventurers. The small fruit was clearly insufficient in the goal of

satisfying his stomach, however, already being able to eat something was still a big step. Now he needed one hundred of these apples and he'll be fine.

No, he won't be. Not at all. He still don't understand why he's here.

Those two men, when he stripped them from anything edible, he couldn't help but feel likeâ€¦ They were real. Virtual reality still couldn't handle the vastness of what someone could feel when touching something, anything. You don't even feel your ass being compressed against the chair, you only know you're actually sitting on it when you figured out you weren't falling.

His stomach pained him once more, telling him just how much it was important for him to eat something.

"Damn stupid passive!"

Of course he many times was bothered by this same skill. He usually carries a lot of food in his inventory to supply himself before a fight. But, come on, it was the last day in Yggdrasil. He at least wanted to know how much gold everything he carried was worth. That's why, except some special items and his current equipment, he sold everything on the market. Of course to a NPC who was more than happy to help him alleviate his inventory.

Food. He needs food. His gamer instinct, linked to his knowledge about the game, told him that the food merchant was currently sleeping. That's why, even if it's not really recommended in a town possibly full of players, he had to resort to this last chance.

Finding a nearby tavern, he violently entered, almost blasting the door, before leaving for the kitchen. Burglary was a dishonest act, and could drop your popularity with a certain NPC's faction. You could attain for your sin by paying a large contribution, but it was hard to care for a heteromorphic race, especially a starving Spiderling.

On one side, he found some large barrels, certainly full of this atrocious beer he immediately hated. He didn't even paid it more than one second of his attention, because he found was he was looking for on the other side.

"Food! Food! Food!"

The smell was harsh, but delicious. Inside the somewhat large attic, what must have been a promising quantity of food was waiting for nothing else than being eaten by customers. Baskets half-full of fruits laid on some shelves. The meat of some big animal was hanging on the ceiling, certainly to let it quickly dry.

"Dinneeeeeer!"

Netere grabbed the meat, and almost forcefully put it in his mouth. The taste wasn't that good, but it was still edible. Devouring a piece the size of a child, he pursued his act of robbery, engulfing everything he could lay his claws on. Meat, fruits, vegetables, even

some wine and juice that was way more delicious than this disgusting beer. Let's stop calling this "beer", it doesn't fit the name.

The feast wasâ€¦ Wonderful. Plenty, enough to finally forget what hunger felt like. Netere let himself fall on the ground, his one and biggest nerve-wrecking problem finally resolved. He knew he'll have to eat the same amount in a couple of hours, but that was still enough to give him time to think. But thinking about everything that happened todayâ€¦ Made him even more confused. A strange mixture of sadness and anger filled him.

Everything that happened until nowâ€¦ Was definitely real.

"This can't beâ€¦"

All of his body screamed about this fact. The truth can't be denied anymore, when you counted the amount of time it was thrown at his face in less than one hour. But that still couldn't be possible for him. He's the kind of person to believe in the existence of god, without worshipping this divine being. He partially accepted unexplained events, but not as the pure truth. From his point of view, it was either a funny bunch of lies, or a phenomena that wasn't explained enough. It does exist, but either in some crazy mind, or from a forgotten genuineness.

He looked at his claws once more. They do look real, but Yggdrasil was running on some last technology that permitted breathtaking visual quality. He was surprised, but not by his own appearance. Everything elseâ€¦ Was too real. The reaction of those guards, the face of those two pathetic warriors. Weren't they crying? Was that even possible inside a virtual world? This isâ€¦

"This is a dreamâ€¦ All of this is a dreamâ€¦"

Denying reality is an easy way, but the most rational one here. Why should he accept thus strange occurrences? That is not the real world he knows of. That is notâ€¦ That is notâ€¦

His fury burning bright, he landed a furious punch on the wall. Houses were data, as such they were indestructible, unless under special rules like the siege of a castle, or a cliff made of stalactites on the verge of collapsing on your skull. But here, they were made of wood and nails.

A collapse resounded in the town, leaving nothing but a large cloud of dust, and debris all around the place. The pillars, not reinforced by magical defence, lost to his strength, now unable to support the whole structure. The tavern was no more, and under his remains, a body emerged.

"Why am I still here?!"

He loves Yggdrasil. He really does, just like all of the gamers that played the game. But now it was over. It was supposed to be. He loves Yggdrasil, but he mentally prepared himself to accept this somewhat happy ending, and to continue living with those good memories. He felt betrayed. Not only betrayed, but a lot more bizarre feelings made him unable to calm down.

"This is not my world!"

He always spent his free time inside the game, trying to discover untold fields, looking for their hidden relics. He always thought that was the dream-life, to be able to do this forever.

Sending kicks one after the other, not even the remains of the tavern could survive that. One would ask "Why does he even cares? He has nothing left in the real world". True true, that is true. No family, no job. Why would he even cares? There are no steel-hard reason about this. He just want, like most of us, to come back to a familiar place.

"This is not my home!"

Instead of saying that he has nothing left in the real worldâ€¦ Even if he doesn't, he would still lose everything he possesses on the other side. It was true to say that nothing but problems and worries awaited him in the real world. But still, he couldn't accept it. He wanted a place where he can come back. A place where he feels at ease. A place he can freely call home.

"Damn it! Damn it! Damn it!"

He loves Yggdrasil, but that was nothing more than a game. It didn't replace his real life, it was just to leisurely spend his time. It was a hobby. His favourite one, but still a hobby.

A bell rang from afar. It was easy to tell it was an alarm. Netere could feel movements everywhere. Was he always that sensitive? He didn't have time to remember all of his skills, he needed to move. Even if it was to cure his hunger, a robbery is still a robbery. Feeling a little bad for the owner of the tavern, Netere left a small purse containing a small amount of gold coins. He didn't calculate the total amount of food he engulfed in one go, so he hoped that was enough to repay the guy.

Should he escapes? Confronts the arriving forces? They aren't guilty of anything. By the way, if anyone here is guilty, it's him. Soâ€¦ Should he surrenders? That's not an option as well. Even if this world replaced the reality he's used to, he shouldn't become careless. Right now, he's in enemy territory.

He know of several jobs that allowed one to infiltrate an enemy base without them noticing anything. They are the well-known thieves, assassins and spies. There are a lot of jobs who could do the same, and Netere has his own way to accomplish the same task.

"[Falsify Position], [Falsify Status], [Falsify Allegiance], [Fog of the revenant], [Greater Invisibility]"

Multiple curious and shy lights covered Netere, before finally making him invisible to the eyes of everyone. He made his preparation, now he only needs to hide behind a wall or anything that could physically blocks vision, and wait for the situation to calm down.

A couple of minutes later, a large troop of soldiers and adventurers arrived, encircling from every street the wasted tavern.

"Whaâ€¦ what the hell happened here?"

One of them shouted out of surprise.

"Check the area! And look for survivors! And don't forget to catch the asshole who did this!"

Netere laughed in his mind. Without proper methods, it was impossible to catch him in his current form. Yggdrasil had his skills ranked in numerous rank, from 1st to 10th tier. Every skills he used here weren't under the 8th tier, making them pretty much effective in their area of effectiveness. [Falsify position] and [Falsify Allegiance] were strong by themselves by confusing the opponents by making the caster's position fuzzy, and its faction unknown. With them, nobody could be certain about his actual position, and everyone was seeing him as a neutral.

However, he was still surprised by the flow of the events unfolding before his eyes. They're not using magic, but their bare hands to move the debris, and their poor eyes to look for a threat. Are they really thinking it'll work just with those lowly methods? No, they must be keeping their other means as last resorts. He shouldn't become careless, otherwise— Shit they're coming in his direction. Netere quickly relocated without making any sound.

The other skill he activated, [Fog of the revenant], was closely similar to his [Ethereal form]. While the latter granted him physical damage nullification, the second alleviated him from any physical contacts. It also camouflaged his appearance behind a wall of fog, which was pretty useful to hide one's equipment or race. To put it bluntly, [Ethereal form] was useful in making one unable to be touched by any physical attacks, but greatly reduced his magic resistance, while [Fog of the revenant] was deeply required in stealth missions, in order to avoid making any noise while walking.

"I found him!"

Really? They did? Not thinking twice, Netere was beginning to chant his strongest spells, before realizing they were just talking about an old man covered under the debris. Sorry about your tavern.

"Get him to the priests! And where is this fucking bastard who destroyed the tavern?!"

"Sir! We searched everywhere, but found no trace of whoever came here to wreck the building."

You really think I came all this way just to wreck a building? Such simple minded fools. Netere couldn't help but feel pity towards those so-called guards. Are they even doing their job properly? At least use some detection skills, or pretend to find fingerprints! Oh right, as a Spiderling, he doesn't have fingerprints anymore. Well, this way of thinking just gonna need some bad habits before being patched. They'll come sooner or later, no need to worry.

Netere decided to leave the area. He only came to satisfy his hunger. Now he needs a hideout where he can peacefully meditate about what happened. He walked past the barrage of guards, everyone unaware that they crossed the path of a monster of their size, and disappeared behind a corner.

"Now, where should I hide?"

He was tempted to hide under the blanket of someone, thinking it'll be funny to play the role of the monster under the bed. Of course, he instantly ignored this idea, even if it did make him smile. If he's lucky, he could sleep in an empty house. But that's only if he's lucky enough to find one. He walked for approximately ten minutes, and they all looked already inhabited. Maybe in some bigger building, like a storehouse or something similar? The stable was also an idea, but the idea of the smell, and imagining the cries of the horses there already gave him a headache.

No choice, he'll just find a big house, somewhere around here. Being picky, Netera disagreed with a lot of choice. This one looked ugly, this one had too much people sleeping in, and this one didn't have any free room to sleep in. The searching wasn't successful at all. This town was overflowing of citizens. It's good for the trade, but not for a lost soul to find a place to sleep.

"Wellâ€¦"

It only retracted more and more his choices. If not inside a building, he could choose a place like a dark street, or maybe the sewers.

"Yeahâ€¦ Noâ€¦ Not the sewersâ€¦"

Just thinking about the smell and the rats already gave him â€¦ Nevermind, he'd become sick just thinking about it. And he already checked most of the nearby places. He hadn't been conscientious at all, but he still did enough to be certain there wasn't any darker places where he could hide. And now that he gave it a second insight, sleeping inside a city which has his alarm bell recently rung is something like a bad idea. The town was no good anymore, he had to exit this civilized territory and check for a hideout outside the fortifications.

Leaving was easier than entering. Instead of going through the gate, he walked on the wall, without making any sound, and left in the direction of the forest.

"Sir, the culprit has surely left nowâ€¦"

"Damn it! Damn it all!"

Filippe wasn't stronger than any of the other guards. What awarded him the title of captain, and so the duty to protect the town, was his long years of experience. Even if he lacks strength, this veteran already fought numerous demi-humans and monsters that threatened the lives of everyone here, and succeeded at driving them back. It made him strong-minded, and awfully stubborn.

He refused to leave the place for one never-ending hour, sending his men looking for something that wasn't here anymore. They were either late, or the culprit jumped on the roof while laughing under his scarf. He hated to admit it, but he failed here. How is he going to report this catastrophe to the mayor? What will think the adventurers' guild when they'll hear about it? He also knew about what kind of celebrity was residing in the vicinity.

All of this sounded like a bad joke to his ears.

"Damn it. Clean what's left of the building, and try to recover anything that is still of use. I don't want to hear that this old man's commerce is ruined."

"Yes sir!"

Even if it was the middle of the night, everyone somewhat cheered up, and started picking up the collapsed part of what was previously a long dated architecture. It'll take at least several weeks to clean all of this, and another several months to rebuild it. There are still other well-going taverns in the town, however the owner of this one was still a close friend to all the guards. Of course they would all feel saddened and furious about what happened here.

"S-Sir! I found something!"

Like a hurricane, the captain hurried himself to close the distance between him and the shouting guard.

"What is it?!"

"Sir! Bones!"

"Bones?"

Bones? What bones? Was someoneâ€¦| Philippe took the bone from the hand of his man, but his view quickly darkened.

"This is a pig's bone, you idiot."

"Ohâ€¦| Sorry."

Filippe threw the bone away, not interested anymore in this food's remains. Wait. Food's remains?

"Wait. Can you find other bones?"

The guard quickly discarded the debris. If he assumed right, he should be close to the room where the old man stocks his food. One of his employee had a magic about preserving food, so he wasn't worried about it rotting. And what they found confirmed his assumptions.

"Man, do you know if the old man hosted a special feast or something?"

"No. We're not even having any national celebration this month."

That's right. There was hardly anything to celebrate when the earth and the air were cooling down. So why so many bones, which mean all the meat was eaten?

"So that's how it isâ€¦|"

Filippe fought numerous demi-humans and monsters that attacked the town. And after so many fights, he finally found out why they were being attacked. The assailants were hungry, and were looking for the

food stocked by the population of the town.

"Captain?"

All of the attacks were taken of outside of the walls. Even when an ogre attacked, all he could do was smash the solid gate, while being struck by a hundred of arrows. Never has it happened that one of them succeeded at getting inside of the ramparts.

"Man, go wake up the mayor and the guild master. Tell them we have a big problem."

* * *

><p>I really like to write stories. And when I thought that I'll be mercilessly judged by people I don't even now, I was afraid.

But now, I'm writing this with a big smile.

smile

Well then, chapters need to be written.

5. Chapter 4

I'm not bored. I'm inspired.

Hope you enjoy those chapters.

* * *

><p>Morning grew heavily. The town was too calm when compared to another day. But instead of tranquillity, it was mainly because the news spread almost instantly, entering one's ears before being shared through one's mouth. Rumours usually weren't too much trusted. Because that's what they are: rumours. Someone saw something, and then they pretend they are the prophet of some random god. But here, the facts were clearly present.<p>

A local tavern has been demolished in one night. The owner and its employees survived, but had no memories about what exactly happened. The roof suddenly collapsed. It happened without anyone noticing anything before the crash. Fortunately, there were no major injuries, otherwise they would have had to pay the temple for its curative medicines.

But that's still not the main problem here. A criminal entered the town, transformed a building in a pile of debris, and then left without leaving any trace behind him. You couldn't even tell if he was still inside, hidden somewhere, or has already exited the city. The day following the aftermath, the patrol were doubled, and everyone has been alerted about a dangerous person rampaging. That's all the mayor could do, and it frustrated him.

He was nervously playing with his fingers. That was a habit he took after being chosen as the mayor, some kind of family jinx to dispel the daily stress. But that didn't work this time. He looked at the papers again, checking its content while summarizing in his mind the

price it'll cost him. It was a monstrous amount of money.

Clicking his tongue, he got up from his chair, leaving the room to attend at another one. Today, he invited the most important persons of the town, and also the men he trusted the most during crisis time. He stood silent before the door, clearing his throat, deeply breathing in, then opened it.

His eyes first met with a beauty. She was a in a thirties, and wore a robe which a wizard could be wearing in her stead. The bizarre decorations looked like powerful magical items, but when put on her, it just helped increasing her charm. She was the kind of beauty you wanted to have in your bed, but her harsh personality made you instantly regret your gallantry. Her name was Briletta, the adventurers' guild master of the town.

On the opposite side of the table, a strong-looking man with a face of steel was waiting crossed arms. His attire looked elegant, but that's because he wasn't wearing his armour right now. The size of the town allowed a hierarchy of three captains, and one commander that led the whole garrison. His role was mainly to maintain global discipline, and to ensure every man's job's well done. His name is Jerrote, the commander of the town's garrison.

Next to him, slightly nervous, stood Philippe. As a lower-ranked man, he wasn't allowed to sit at the same table than his commander. He actually should be on duty, but being the only titled man that was on the site when the collapse happened, he was invited.

"You're late, Rmuderre."

"Sorry for making you wait. We can start now."

After hastily apologising, the mayor sat at the edge of the table.

"So, what exactly happened, captain?"

"Yes sir! We don't know the exact events that led to this, but after a quick investigation, I can assure you this is the doing of a powerful monster possessing ferocious appetite and the ability to stealth itself."

Telling everyone here that a monster was the culprit is the same as telling them that he failed at doing properly his job in protecting the town. That's why he had to add big words to his statements, even if he wasn't sure at all if they were true. But a small lie was still more acceptable than losing his job for a failure that he couldn't have prevented.

"Monsters than can render themselves invisibleâ€¦ They're quite rare, and I'm not certain this region is their natural habitat. But let's first assume it was a chameleon, or maybe something alike."

Briletta, as the guild master, was quite knowledgeable about the monster encyclopaedia. She know the most common references better than anyone else, and even some names that don't appear in the country.

"But still, why the tavern? I'm sure it's this bastard doing, he always was jealous of the old man's success."

Jerrote was a straight-forward man. You are either his ally, or his enemy. The man he was talking about is also a known person in the town who possesses a tavern, and kept a habit of sprouting nonsense and gibberish about the old man's incompetence. He was clearly jealous because he couldn't distil a better beer.

"Stop jumping to conclusions. And seriously, how can you even think that a single man can destroy a whole building in only one night? It's obviously the work of a monster."

"Mphâ€| "

"Now now, calm downâ€| "

Violently slamming the table with his fist, Jerrote stood up, fire burning in his eyes.

"How do you expect me to calm down, mayor?!"

"Exactly. I said calm down, so if you pleaseâ€| "

Jerrote grumbled like an animal. A subordinate's failure is his boss's. If the security is compromised, then all the blame fall on his shoulders. And stillâ€|

"Yeahâ€| Sorry, it's just hard to accept those factsâ€| "

Finally being kind of rational, the commander sat down, seriously thinking about the current problem. Talk about a problem kid.

"Now, guild master, can you tell us what exactly this monster is?"

"It's hard to tell without any evidence, but if we narrow the list with what we currently have, then I'm still thinking about a chameleon. Their ability to disappear is famous, andâ€| By the way, captain, why did you assume it has a ferocious appetite? Did you see it eating or something?"

Filippe almost jumped out of surprise. He didn't expect to be called during this meeting, but still put up a face.

"No ma'am, I only assumed it was hungry because we found no trace of the preserved food."

"And why don't you think it simply was plundered by some hungry children?"

"Ma'am, with all my due respect, I can guarantee my men did close the sector to everyone. Nobody could have come in or out of the perimeter without someone noticing it."

"But you weren't present the moment the building collapsed, did you? Maybe it was stolen during the interval between the collapse and your arrival?"

"Briletta, I always ensure there is at least one patrol per district.

It has never changed and it will never change, even during a random night like this one."

Ahhh this is getting nowhere. The mayor wanted to rebuke, but couldn't find the words. It's like you could see sparks between the guild master and the commander. Just drink a tea together and finish your business elsewhere.

"Sir, permission to speak?"

"Speak freely, Philippe. It's a meeting to resolve a problem, not a council of war."

"Yes sir. If I may add, the guards at the north gate were actually the first to meet the monster."

Silence came, and with it, another heavy atmosphere.

"This piece of information seems capital, captain. Why did you not talk about it sooner?"

"Ma'am, that's because I assumed it should be a classified information."

Feeling somewhat enraged for being looking for a monster for the last ten minutes, and then someone tell you they saw it. Of course it would be way simpler if you have a picture, or just a description of the appearance of the monster.

"Then can you tell us what the monster looks like?"

"The monsterâ€¦ Was actually a ghost, ma'am."

Briletta frowned, a bit more unexpected than what she thought. Some ghost-type monsters indeed can switch between a visible and an invisible form. But that's exactly what they were: ghosts. Without any mortal coil, they couldn't deal any physical damage, let alone touching you. All you would feel is either the wind, or a prickly feeling. It depends of the person, but they all agree that a ghost can't grab you.

Or, this same man, standing in front of her, previously said this monster actually ate everything in the stocks. That doesn't make any sense. Is he even sane? Maybe he's still shocked about this uproar, and his mind hasn't finished to detach the truth from the assumption. His words can't be trusted anymore. Neither the men who encountered first the monster are. As the silence was becoming longer and longer, the mayor cleared his throat again.

"Wellâ€¦ Now that we have an image of the monster. Guild master, what can you do about it?"

Being called by the mayor, the guild master frowned even more, thinking this fat guy was actually trusting the words of this madman. But she quickly regained her composure. Of course he wasn't. Who could trust such nonsense?

"The best I can do is to print an emergency request of Mithril rank. If the monster can destroy a house, then I have to assume he has that much strength."

This time, it's the mayor's turn to frown. Requests weren't free, even the emergency ones. They were actually even more expensive, because they were urgent. The slight difference between a normal quest and one submitted by the guild itself was the one who had to pay the reward. It should be the guild's job, but because the request itself was reflecting the town's issue, this time the mayor had to take out some pocket money.

And of course, Mithril adventurers weren't cheap. Orichalcum adventurers needed a bigger reward, and let's not even talk about Adamantium groups. Now blocked between two walls, the mayor had no way to turn his back anymore. He either pay the bill, or pray the monster won't come back. None of them were advantageous for him, but one still had less risk than the other.

"Very well. Now that this issue is currently on-holdâ€¦ Captain, you can go back to your duty."

"Yes sir!"

Filippe left the room quietly. He was discreetly smiling, happy because he shared his important piece of information. With the feeling of having completed his job, the captain returned to his section, closing the room before leaving the place.

"Rmuderre, don't tell me you believed him, about his story of ghost?"

"Actually, I don't even know what we're facing. It could even be some sort of big spider with magical prowess for all I know."

Jerrote didn't react, and Briletta just let out a small sigh. The joke was bad.

"Yeahâ€¦ I hate spidersâ€¦ But more importantly. I think you know what the next subject is."

While the guild master showed a proud smile, intentionally telling that she finally can reveal her most precious card, Jerrote menacingly frowned, not impressed, but mostly dejected at the idea of speaking his name.

"We already had quite the trouble with the Dark Guild, and now thisâ€¦ That's why I would like to hear your opinion, about dispatching the Adamantium group currently residing here: The Green Sword."

Sleeping. Eating. Playing. Eating. Repeat it, and you have the life cycle Netere previously had, when he was still just a player. After a short hour, he finally found a small cave to rest for the night. And now, he's waking up, followed by a familiar sound.

Grmb1b1b1

"Uughâ€¦ Sooo staaarvedâ€¦"

Nothing beats you up in the morning better than your empty stomach. This bastard truly knows where it hurts the most. Slowing getting out

of the shelter, Netere took a glance at his surroundings. Spiderlings doesn't have the convenient skill to see in the darkness. He does have good visibility with his eight eyes, but that only added more perception than level of details. It has always been the same in the game, so he already was sort of used to it. But now knowing that this will become his everyday routine made him a little upset.

Grmlblblbl

Assailed by his own organ, Netere walked in a random direction. He doesn't know where he's going, he doesn't even know where he is. He never learnt all the maps from Yggdrasil. And even if he did, would that help him in this world? Is this still Yggdrasil? He already confirmed that magic is still usable, that certainly was his best relief. He also confirmed that all of his skills are. Just being that hungry was plenty enough.

But he stills has to verify the rest. He should be in Midgard, the human's world. As a heteromorphic race, it shouldn't be the ideal place to rest. He had his reasons, and right now he regretted it a little. Maybe if he was in a more common worldâ€¦ No, actually, he should be grateful. Except certain areas, Midgard was well known for his degree of difficulty. A simple world for starters and newcomers. That means he doesn't have to worries about monsters that pop up. They shouldn't even be at a level which can threaten him.

Grmlblblbl

Once more assailed by his stomach, Netere pursued his forced march, hoping to find something edible. Fruits, berries, whatever. Even some meat, but he'll have to kindle a campfire before cooking it. He never learnt how to do it in the wild. Technology is good, when you have it at your disposal. Should he find a flint? What does a flint look like? Maybe the wooden stick methodâ€¦ Which he doesn't even know how it works.

Damn it sucks to lack knowledge of this sort. But you got to say it's hard to tell if you'll ever need this knowledge in your lifetime. Well right now he does, and couldn't help but feel pathetic.

As a caster, Netere should be able to cast a fire-type spell. But he couldn't, simply because he doesn't have the proper job. During his gaming time, he focused entirely on illusionist jobs. Those classes doesn't hold a lot of offensive skills, on the contrary, most of the learnable ones where the support or the tactical type.

Creating illusions is a simple matter for him, just like falsifying concrete and abstract entities is. An illusionist's job is to make reality a better place. Temporarily, and it's not realâ€¦ More like a nice-looking coverage. It mostly affected one's view of the world, by sending false information, unreal ideas and excruciating nightmares. It's also a class that raises one's magic resistance. But he was still weak to magic.

Exhausted due to his hunger, Netere kept walking for an hour or so, until he finally met something. It wasâ€¦ Yes, it was a spider. A fucking big one. Oh dear, is this Australia? Netere stood still, never expecting to run into such troublesome opponent. This spider

wasn't bigger than a small dog, but it was still the size of a small dog, which makes it extremely horrible to look at.

Please don't jump. Please don't jump. Please don't jump.

Awkwardly moving back, step by step, Netere put some distance between him and this thing, before finally losing sight of it behind the trees.

"Damn that was scaryâ€¦| Fucking spiderâ€¦|"

You could expect Netere to be some insect-lover for picking a spider-like race. The truth is he's always been afraid of insects. The smaller, the more gruesome. Just imagining them crawling on your legsâ€¦| Ewh, what horrifying ideas! That's why he chose to play a Spiderling, naively thinking he wasn't the only one with this fear instilled inside his heart. He then learnt that the world was quite big.

But that still didn't solve his hunger problem. The feeling was painful, but not unbearable like yesterday. He's hungry, but not as much as with the desire to eat the equivalent of four pig's legs. So he walked in another direction, hoping to find somethingâ€¦| But instead heard the sound of a river. Curious, he went to see the flow of the water.

The bed of the river wasn't deep at all, he could easily see the bottom from here. He thought he could catch some fish, but yeah, fat hope. That's why... Yup, he was left with no other choice. He had to return to the town, and "buy" some food. This time, he'll buy it in all honesty. He'll first try to see the price, and then pay the correct amount. It left him with a strange fear from yesterday. Did he pay the correct amount? Well, when you add in the cost to repair the tavernâ€¦| Let's just say it was some terrorists. This excuse always worked.

He first needed to check how much gold he has. Last night, he was quite in a hurry, but still noticed that he actually picked a purse out of nowhere. How did he do that again? By holding his hands in the air then... A small blackhole engulfed his hand. It was shocking at first, but that was apparently a wormhole to his inventory. Which was empty, or almost. If you discard the items he couldn't sell, and of course the amount of gold he piled up thanks to the merchant, it was indeed empty.

By the way, that's quite the amount. He doesn't have the patience to count them all, but that'll surely suffice until he finds a more stable method to procure himself some food. Shacking positively his head, he next headed toward the same city he terrorized. Stacking the skills and the invisibility, he passed through the gate without the guards noticing it. Infiltration complete, now, let's go shopping.

The first day went smoothly. He first retorted that his skills were too much convenient, but quickly withdrawn his own words. Those skills were the result of his hardwork. In other words, he earned them. He shouldn't feel guilty at all, because he's not stealing anyone. Well, not after what happened last time. That's how his second day in this world ended peacefully, while a strange rumour about a hungry fairy visited the stores, to take the stocked food and

replacing it with a few gold coins.

* * *

><p>4th chapter already. I'm happy I'm not running in a wall.

****Don't fail me, Inspiration-San.****

****I just noticed I'm having trouble using a delimiter to separate scenes inside a chapter.****

****Maybe I should use this big horizontal line...****

6. Chapter 5

****Wow. Lot of reviews and followers.****

****I see some of them has question marks, and I feel bad for not sharing my answer with everyone, so here we go.****

**** - Very good, you sure you're newbie? well not to me though.****

>Actually, I'm already used to write some novels. This is the first time I publish one of my story, which is also my first fanfiction.

**** - You know, when you talk about spiders and being stealthy, I keep thinking about the Black Spider Ninja Clan from Ninja Gaiden. What's your take on this? I mean, they have human ninjas, but they also have those that transform into monsters and Netere is a heteromorphic creature.****

>I've never played this game, but now you give me a reason to check this. By the way, Netere is a magic caster, not a ninja, so I'm not sure how to answer this... But it's still funny to imagine the MC doing ninja stuff. I'll think about it.

**** - hello i just want to tell you that in the light novel the appearance of adamantite adventurer are vary rare and they are colored in the color of the six grate gods of the Slane Theocracy in human countries at least****

>the light novel spoke of six of them including Momen(Ainz)

>Hello. I don't really see the problem about them being rare. I mean, even if they are, that doesn't mean you couldn't meet them once or twice in your lifetime. And about the colours... I did read the light novels, but my terrible memory completely forgot about this part. Oh wait, there is no Slane Theocracy here, so I wonder if it's fine...

****Alright, I did it. I wonder if I shouldn't have put them at the end of the chapter...****

* * *

><p>The summit of an adventurer career. Transcending the human limits, they achieved what everyone thought was impossible. Those ones who finally started to set their feet in the realm of the heroes: the adventurers ranked Adamantium.<p>

They were the ones acclaimed by the people, beloved by them and deeply admired by other adventurers. It was, indeed, a living example of what a true hero should be. How could it not be inspiring? They defeated what was believed to be undefeatable. They accomplished the feat everyone gave up on. Their name was well-known across the country, and even the neighbours knew about them.

The only two groups currently vagabonded the Kingdom of Blue, while one of them was being sheltered inside the town of Propose. They recently accepted a highly difficult request, and just returned a week ago. The results are: success, one death, the others injured. It was enough to tell everyone just how hard this quest was, for even an Adamantium adventurer to lose his life.

They are more than experienced, you could say all of their movements are synchronized together. All of them mastered their skills, and acclimated themselves with the skills of their companions to the point where they developed their own combinations of skills. After so many years together, they became a close team, and truly know the value of teamwork. And yet, they lost one companion, one friend.

The quest required the demise of a dangerous creature living deep inside the mountains. They first had to find the spotted area, fight the horde of minions, look for the entrance of the nest, and then kill the boss. Even for heroes like them, this degree of difficulty was just outrageous. But they still accepted, and they still won. However, the price was heavy. They won a large sum of money, but that didn't help them cheer up. After this terrible loss, they didn't have the heart to shout "Job complete!". They were that much depressed.

For one week, the priest of the group was spending his mana into healing the injured warrior. The caster finally recovered from his wounds, but the trauma was still instilled in her mind. Meanwhile, the leader wasn't here. What he lost that day was more than a friend. Its comrades could only guess how much of a pain it meant to him, but they didn't have the courage to go and talk to him. He always was the kind to be happy-go-lucky, smiling for whatever reason. A little simple minded, but his heart was that big. When they know about his personality, it just become much harder to see him in this pitiful state.

Inside the small room, the three remained silent. The only sound that gently cracked the silence was the tranquil whispers of the healing spells casted by the priest. Even after one whole week, nobody dared to talk about what happened. They didn't dare to talk about anything at all. They knew that if they do, it'll just rekindle those frightening memories, and the atrocious screams of their dying companion will echo in their head again and again.

They heard a knock on the door.

"Excuse-me, may Iâ€|?"

"Ah yes, I'm coming."

It was the priest, a young man in a long grey robe, that spoke. He was the only one who had the strength to use his voice with strangers. He stood up and went to open the door. On the other side,

there was an old woman, carrying a set of dinner for four people.

"Thank you, I don't know what we would do without you!"

"Oh, pay it no mind. It's a pleasure to know that someone loves my cooking."

"Again, thank you for everything!"

They spent the whole week locked inside this same room. Only the leader went outside, but never came back. They don't worry though, they know very well where he's sleeping right now.

"But I still worry about you all! Maybe you should take a breath outside and-"

"Maybe YOU should go and leave us alone!"

"Mierra, please!"

The sudden violent words spoken by the caster hurt the granny. She felt a bit saddened, but wasn't angry at all. To her, they all looked so gloomy, she couldn't even start to get irritated by such words.

"No, it's my fault, my apologies. Please, do rest well, Pharros and everyone."

She left a bit hastily. Maybe she did was hurt.

"Mierra, please don't be harsh with others."

"I'm not asking you about what I should be doing!"

This kid of fifteen years old was actually the stronger magic caster they knew. She still lacked offensive efficiency, but that only required a few more years. She was a talent holder, people born with a special trait that affected their entire fate. It could be simple talents, like slightly increasing one's strength, or giving someone some special ability. Merria was born with the talent [Magic Heir], which guaranteed her an almost grand success in the path of magic by allowing her to ignore some skills' unlocking requirements.

In few words, she was a brilliant pearl in the world of the adventurers, for her possibility to cast 4th tier spells under certain conditions. However, she was still a child. Arrogant, almost hostile, and very childish.

Pharros was just behind his twenties. A mere priest that have the ability to heal in the middle of a fight, with another set of skills that granted a wide variety of bonuses. Resistances to multiple categories of attacks, including magical and mental ones. That's what makes him irreplaceable, for being so useful in every single fight. He could cast 3rd tier healing magic, which could make its allies sustain a decent amount of damage.

"Please Mierra, shut up already!"

The last one was a female warrior. Usually clad in a full set of

plate armour, she looked like the one who could go on the front line and decimate everyone she meet. But today, she was resting on the bed with her clothes on. Her leg has been bitten by one of the creature, the venom was paralysing her body.

"Mhâ€|"

Looking at the scene, Pharros couldn't help but sigh. Those two just kept repeating those same lines, again and again. Their relation wasn't that good to begin with, but after the loss of their friend, it just became worse. Wane would usually tease Mierra, picking on her youth and disagreeable personality. Maybe she was jealous, or maybe she saw herself in the eyes of this energetic and arrogant girl.

On one side, you had a young lady who's still looking for her place in this vast world. And on the other, you had a proud warrior who kept piling problems one after another. An interesting duo that kept spiting bad words at each other, but was inseparable on the battlefield. You could call those two ladies battlemaniacs, which wasn't very lady-like. An adventurer's life isn't easy for everyone.

"How do you feel, Wane?"

After receiving the question, Wane tried to stand up. She could painstakingly move her fingers, and barely her arms, but anything below the chest was like disconnected from her volition.

"I don't feel the pain anymoreâ€| But maybe because I don't feel my body at all."

"I seeâ€| Maybe the poison will dissipate in a few weeks. Please rest well."

"Not like I have a choice."

And that's how their daily life repeated themselves. After this quick check from Pharros, he would go fetch the dinner, and serve it to the crippled warrior. She hated it at first, but when she finally realized she couldn't do it by herself, she pleaded Pharros to help her. He merrily accepted, and that's how it is now.

A second knock occurred. This one wasn't expected. Pharros went to check, partially opening the door to not let anyone see inside.

"Excuse-me, are you the Adamantium group The Green Sword?"

That. Wasn't expected at all. After the end of the request, the Green Sword discreetly asked the mayor to shelter them. The mayor accepted, but still couldn't offer them any room. He instead paid them a month's value for a staying at a nearby hostel, in order to rest peacefully without anyone disturbing them.

This has to stay a secret between the mayor and the Adamantium team. Imagine if your favourite hero, the one you always admired, suddenly came back from a mission, with this heavy and gloomy expression on his face. What would you feel? Wouldn't your expectations and your dreams crumble? Wouldn't your ray of hope slightly fade away? They couldn't allow it. Even if they had to wear a mask, they'll show the

people around them a bright smile, while bringing a brilliant victory.

One part of this that was the hardest to accept for everyone of the team was the decision about the lost member. They didn't say anything, but everything was already decided.

She decided to retire. This is the truth everybody will know and accept in their mind, even if that put a bit of unease.

"Excuse-me, but who are you?"

"Sorry, the mayor sent me to look after your leader. Can I see him?"

Their leader. How can he tell him about his current doings? He knew where to find him, but he also knew in what kind of state. That's whyâ€|

"He's sleeping, sorry. I'll speak in his stead."

Not completely convinced, however he couldn't wait any longer.

"That'll do. Please follow me. The mayor has a word for you."

Nodding silently, Pharros told his companion he'll soon be back before leaving for the mayor's place.

At first glance, anyone would think Adamantium adventurers, as heroes of the people, would fight for justice, while slaying evil and spreading good deeds. Fairytales are beautiful, indeed. But reality is darker than the newcomer's expectation. Being extremely known for your strength will of course make people come to buy your services. It was either the usual requests of bodyguard, or, sometimes, something even more outrageous.

"Mayor, I brought Pharros, of the Green Sword."

"Good, good. Come in."

Pharros was introduced to the mayor, then was left behind with this fat man.

"How are you, mayor?"

"I'm fine, if you forget about all those strange eventsâ€| But I'm more worried about you. How is your team doing?"

"Theyâ€| Are still resting, Mierra has recovered, but the poison in Wane's body seems to be harder to cure than I thoughtâ€|"

"Is that soâ€|"

As a priest, Pharros took pride in his healing abilities. When he noticed that he wasn't able to cure Wane, a bad aftertaste was left in his mouth. Sometimes, he either fear for him that he's lost his power, or for Wane's well-being. Just thinking about this brave warrior, finishing her duty in a chair for the rest of her life, gave

him a heartache.

"I was thinking aboutâ€¦ Talking with your leader. Where is it?"

"He is stillâ€¦ Resting as well. I'm sorry, but I couldn't get him to meet you."

"No, it's fine. I only need to talk to one of you. Actually, you seeâ€¦"

Rmuderre told the recent events that unfolded inside Propose the previous night. The intrusion of a strange monster, the collapse of a tavern, the plunder of the stocked preserved food by this same monster. And, lastly, he added about a new rumours that circulated through the town.

"A fairy?"

"That's right. People began to talk about the existence of some fairy that buy their food without them noticing."

Pharros was at a loss of word. He fought hundreds of monsters, and even demi-humans, but never in his life did he heard about a fairy that diligently buy food.

"And soâ€¦ What is the problem? Isn't it fine?"

"Yes. No, that's not fine at all. Well it's not a big issue, but it still makes me anxious, hearing about a strange creature that buy things inside the city. What if this was a stratagem to lure people and hurt them?"

"Fine, I understandâ€¦ I'll talk about this with my friends."

He couldn't refuse here. The mayor was kind enough to shelter them, and even hide them from the public eyes. If he didn't followed his personal requests, he was afraid of being kicked out of the town, which would be disastrous for his companions.

"Thank you very much, Pharros. But try not to kill this fairy. I'm a bit curious about its storyâ€¦"

"I understand. Leave it to us."

The moment Pharros left the room, Rmuderre sat back on his desk. A fairy buying food. You can't even call this an issue, when he's confronting the Dark Guild, and when a monster can rampage at anytime in his town. However, he had a very good reason to take care of this matter, the sooner the better. Inside a drawer, laid a small locked box. Inserting the key inside the hole, he opened it, and picked one of the gold coins that was contained inside.

"Marvellousâ€¦"

This sole piece was largely enough to buy a tenth of every product that was sold at the market. A tenth of the whole market. He checked, double checked it, and confirmed that they purely were made of gold. Two times bigger than the average gold coin, and not simply covered in gold plate. If you add the detailed inscriptions and the portrayal of the woman profile sculpted on the coin, you could say it could be

worth even more. And a certain fairy was handing them like free candies.

"What is thisâ€|? Bah I don't care. I need this fairy and its gold. I wonder how much a fairy is worth on the marketâ€|"

* * *

><p>"I have this strange feeling againâ€| And yet I don't have a nose anymoreâ€| "<p>

Feeling a little ticklish, Netera was already leaving the town. With no idea of how much worth the food he's buying is, he decided to drop three gold coins at each store. That was enough to buy one dinner back in Yggdrasil, so a tenth of what he requires to feel sated. Putting the food inside his inventory, he checked this side of the town, then the other, and finally left with a decent amount of food. With everything he just bought, he should be fine forâ€| Less than a week. More than enough to build his own little shelter.

Used to the trip, he now know which way is the cave he decided to live in. And now, he was thinking about how to do this. Should he prepares a campfire? He doesn't have high cold resistance with his stats, but that was still plenty enough to not suffer from the fresh breeze of the night. What he needs the most is a suitable bed. The current one was a mere rock, which wasn't good for his back. Arrived at his destination, the first thing he did was unpacking a ration for his dinner. The clock at his wrist indicated the current time. He always was afraid that a day here wouldn't last twenty four hours, but apparently his fear was undue.

"Twelve o'clockâ€| Well, have a nice meal."

He started to gentlemanly engulf the large portion of food that was laying in front of him. This constant feeling of hunger was tiring, but at least he's now aware that he must pay attention to his negative passives. He'll be prepared for the next ones. He's hoping he'll be. He was eating alone, but he wasn't feeling lonely. Used to this kind of seclusion, he even started to prefer this than being surrounded by strangers that kept talking. And sharing a meal with a friendâ€| Yeah, loneliness can sometimes sucks.

The bush moved on his left. Did someone manage to come this far? It's not like he planted a barrage of explosives landmines. By the way, he didn't even camouflage his secret cave. And that's because there is still something he needs to confirm. When he first met those guards and those two adventurers, he forgot to turn off his [Natural Predator], which has the effect of filling everyone's heart with a deep fear. That's why, he now wants to confirm about his appearance, and exactly what people thinks about him.

He couldn't leisurely walk inside the town. They're certainly on full alert now, knowing that a big Spiderling was roaming around. He wondered if he shouldn't start listening to the guards' short story, maybe he could hear something interesting. The bush moved once more, and its inhabitant finally showed himself.

"Uughâ€| "

A spider, approximately the same size than the one he encountered

previously. But this one was a bit different. A bigger abdomen, and a blackish-coloured body. The little thing was raising his two front leg. The sight could have been cute, if the spider wasn't so big. The newcomer wasn't coming, neither was Netere who was panicking inside.

Oh dear, what do I do? What do I do?

The spider approached him step by step

"I swear to god if you come any closer, I'll I'll I'll crush you! Okay?"

The spider stopped moving. It even did some steps back. It has a brain! However, Netere was too much preoccupied to worry about all of this. Both of them stood still, until Until Netere had some random idea. He picked a small piece of meat, and threw it away.

"Go! Go catch it!"

Immediately, the spider ran away, in the direction of the thrown meat. Wait, it worked? Well, whatever, as long as this thing doesn't come back. He started eating again, then brought himself to a halt.

"Did I just fed a spider?"

* * *

><p>"I'm back."<p>

Pharros opened the door of the room. Wane was still lying on the bed, and Mierra started looking at the window. That was a new sight to him.

"Mierra? Is something wrong?"

"No It's just Nothing."

Ohhh, she's finally bored! After a long week of doing nothing at all but mourning, she finally managed to take a step forward. What a brave girl. Or maybe it's just that, she really just is bored. No, Pharros knew how much she likes her comrades. The wound was mostly mental. She first had lost all appetite. She even tried to put an end to her life. Without Pharros's help, maybe she would have succeeded. But now, he was smiling, because this proves she recovered. There may still be some scars in her mind, but now everything was healed.

Pharros was only thinking about repaying this debt to the mayor, judging this fat man still has a kind heart to let them rest, while giving them some easy requests which can absolutely not turn wrong at any moment. What a considerate man, to think that far ahead for the good of the others.

"Is that so I had a word with the mayor. He asked us to catch a fairy. Wanna come?"

Mierra's eyes instantly sparkled. She's definitely still a child that needs to grow.

"A fairy?! True?! True?! Ow man I'm coming! Let me join you! Please please!"

"Shut pu Mierra, I'm trying to sleep!"

* * *

><p>Yay, a new chapter.

****First Adamantium team. Introduced.****

****Yes Mierra, go catch this fairy before it disappears into the wild!****

****I feel like I changed my way of writing this fanfiction... Or maybe this if the feeling of having wrote a couple of chapters...****

7. Chapter 6

****I like reading reviews. They're made by readers. I like readers.****

****Someone asked me about the name of the Kingdom. ****

****I'm bad at naming things... Sorry.****

* * *

><p>"So Mierra, where are we going?"<p>

"We should go! This way!"

Pharros was happily smiling when confronted with Mierra's childish behaviour. It's good to see she stopped crying and mourning, and now she wore the face of a professional detective, on the case to chase after the Hungry Fairy.

"You really think we'll catch her?"

"Of course! Don't worry about it, Mierra's instincts were never wrong!"

"Well, that is!"

Awkwardly smiling, Pharros was accompanying Mierra on a small trip through the town. After one whole week, his friends finally decided to move forward. Wane was sleeping, so he's still not sure what she's thinking about all this, but when we talk about Mierra!

"Pharros, look! There are soooo muuuuuch thiiiiiiings!"

With sparkling eyes, the young magic caster ran around the street like a child who's been told they'll go walk in a forest, and they already start imagining themselves as knights when they'll pick the wooden sticks and start hitting each other. Are you really fifteen? Well, as long as she's happy with it, Pharros wouldn't disturb her little peace of mind.

They were requested by the mayor to look after a certain fairy. According to the rumours, it was called the Hungry Fairy, an invisible creature that randomly visits your stores, and start purchasing your food without you noticing anything. A strange tale, but still better than their previous one. Maybe Mierra was hiding it deep inside, or maybe even decided to deny it, but Pharros was still touched by this tragedy.

He wasâ€¦ Oh wait, he lost sight of Mierra.

"Mierra, wait for me!"

He ran after her. Apparently, she was absorbed by the view of beautiful jewels. The vendor didn't ignore this little one, and came to offer some curious deals.

"Look at this, young lady! This pearl-less collar was once worn by a high noble of the court. She decided to discard it because of some minor scratches, but it is not beyond my abilities to repair it. What do you think, young lady?"

"Whoooo!"

Fascinated by the description of the article, Mierra was letting out an admired sigh, while Pharros was discreetly laughing behind. That act was misinterpreted by the young lady.

"What? I can't even look at some sparkiesâ€¦?"

"Well, Mierraâ€¦ We still have to catch that fairyâ€¦"

She looked a little upset. Maybe he shouldn't have come and ruin her day?

"Mh! Fine! I'll catch this fairy. Just you see!"

She angrily ran outside, but quickly came back to point her finger at the merchant.

"You! Don't move! I'll be back!"

And then she disappeared.

"Heyâ€¦ Hey! Wait!"

Pharros wanted to run after her, but the words of the merchant stopped him.

"Are you perhaps chasing after the Hungry Fairy?"

"Mmh? Oh, yes. It's sort of â€¦ Play, you see? This kid can't stay at home all day, ah â€¦"

"Ah ah! I know how you feel! Well, you're not the only one chasing after it, so you better hurry."

"We'll do. Thank you for your advice."

Pharros finally exited the store, and found Mierra waiting for him at the entrance.

"Oh? You were waiting for me?"

Her chest full of some sort of pride, she took a victory pose before shouting at Pharros.

"Of course! Who do you think I am?"

A kid, that is taking this game a little too far. But Pharros couldn't say those words. He smiled, pretending to be at a loss of word.

"Alright, my assistant! Let's go fairy hunting!"

While Mierra was looking everywhere, Pharros did some investigation by asking the merchants whose food was stealthily bought. Without even knowing its name or its face, everyone was actually enjoying this urban legend. There already are different versions, like it's actually a goblin who feel guilty for stealing food, so he was buying it. Others saw in it a more divine intervention, where god itself thanks his believer for this offering. Someone even said it's the work of a chivalrous thief, who stole from the rich and shared the loot with the poor, in exchange of a basket of food.

Now, Pharros really don't know what to think about this. All he knew is that someone was buying the food, and it made people happy. Should he really capture such a person? How could you even arrest someone for buying food? Maybe it's just a fictional rumour to increase the market's price? Merchants can sometimes distort the truth to an extent where you start to ask yourself if they're even thinking about their ideas. While Pharros was pondering on such thoughts, he suddenly heard to loud voice of Mierra.

"Whaaaa! Why aren't you selling me apples?!"

"Yâ€| Young miss, I already said those apples aren't for sale!"

"And what do you mean by that?!"

Oh oh, the little devil was starting a commotion. Pharros hurried himself, and found Mierra angrily shouting at a food merchant. She's not idiot to the point of casting her spells at someone who was disagreeing with her, but her little punch were still always ready to find a spot.

"Woaa! Mierra, what's happening?"

"Assistant! He refuses to sell me an apple! Kick his ass!"

"Excuse-me?!"

"Now now, Mierra. We don't attack merchants just because they don't sell appleâ€|"

"But they're clearly exposed to the sun with the obvious reason of being sold!"

"Now that you say itâ€| Why aren't you selling your apple?"

The vendor was literally furious for being picked by this young girl, but managed to calm down when he found someone who seems more reasonable than a small brat.

"You've never heard of the Hungry Fairy? The rumours says it'll come buy your food if they are delicious enough."

That's why he exposed his brilliant apples under the sun. Did he planned to catch a sight of the fairy, or didn't he even think that this looked like an obvious trap? Only an idiot would fall for this.

"I see! A trap to catch the fairy while it's buying your product! A clever move!"

Why are you so delighted by such a simple move? You can't even call that a move, I'm certain the merchant didn't even thought this looked like a trap. This honest transaction was just too much evident, the fairy would never fall forâ€¦

"What are you doing, Mierra?"

"I'm waiting for the fairy."

"She'll never come if you wait in front of the apples."

"When did you decide it was a female?"

"Aren't all fairies females?"

And so, the next hours were spent with Mierra patiently waiting in the shadows, while Pharros really tried to convince her that it was useless if she wasn't even hidden. To this statement, Mierra casted [Invisibility].

* * *

><p>"I'm hungryâ€¦" <p>

The sun was bright, and the inhabitants of Propose were energetically roaming around the town. They carried wooden crates full of whatever was inside, but the smell didn't left Netere untouched. Some of them curiously held no smell, but he just assumed they were filled with other stuff. Vegetables here, meats over there. But it was too soon to buy it. He first needed to check the price andâ€¦ Oh right, he couldn't read any words written in this town. He already tried multiple times, but was never able to decipher the symbols.

He first tried to read the prices, but found out that most of the merchants don't display the price of their product. Strange business strategy. After his shopping, he then visited a building which looked somewhat administrative. There are always letters and important information inside those buildings. He first met what should have been a sort of tavern. It was hard to tell at first glance, but he soon realised that it was the adventurers' guild.

Curious, he went to check the quests, but found out the cruel reality. He can't read the language of this world. At least he can understand it by hearing from the mouth of others, so it's still somewhat fine. With all those skills that made everyone unable to

perceive him, he leisurely spent his time around the place, listening to the stories of the groups standing there. Thanks to them, he learnt that most of the local monsters are mostly the man-eating type. Those spiders he kept meeting, apparently slimes, and also some carnivorous demi-humans like ogres. Those news made Netere uneasy.

He did encounter the spiders, but never ran into a slime or an ogre. Maybe they're living in the other side of the forest. He never took the time to visit his new habitat. Maybe he should give it a try and see what he can find. Procrastinating this task, he continued his happy journey through the town, once more looking for food, but also another product that have caught his attention.

"Those two adventures talked about a bug repellentâ€¦ I'll need some to get rid of those spidersâ€¦"

Since when he fed a spider, it's like the news of a philanthropist giving away supply has spread in the spider community. It's not good for his mental health, but he was frequently visited by those same spiders. The more he thought about it, the more those insects sounded more like lost and hungry dogs. It was kind of cute to see them raising their front legs, and then run at full speed to go catch the thrown piece of meat. No, seriously, it was hilarious when he encompassed this fact.

But it's still about spiders. He's now living with the permanent fear of being covered by spiders. What a frightful dream that was.

"But they're clearly exposed to the sun with the obvious reason of being sold!"

What was all this babble about? Another customer not satisfied? They just keep coming one after another.

"Now that you say itâ€¦ Why aren't you selling your apple?"

They're selling apple? Netere needed no more words. He actually started to appreciate the sugar-like taste of those fruits. Preparing his gold coins, he went to check the waiting products.

"You've never heard of the Hungry Fairy? The rumours says it'll come buy your food if they are delicious enough."

A Hungry Fairy? This was a name Netere never heard of inside Yggdrasil. Is it a new monster? Why does the description reminds him of what he's currently doing?

"I see! A trap to catch the fairy while it's buying your product! A clever move!"

Are theyâ€¦ Are they really trying to catch him? With a so simple plan? There must be a limit to human stupidity. Whatever, Netere just needed to wait until they leave, so he'll be able to peacefully buy those apples andâ€¦ What is she doing? Why is she hiding behind a desk? Don't tell meâ€¦

"What are you doing, Mierra?"

Pleaseâ€¦

"I'm waiting for the fairy."

Please don't

"She'll never come if you wait in front of the apples."

Of course I won't. Stop being stupid, and go play with your friends at Who Will Fall Faster From The Cliff.

"When did you decide it was a female?"

Why are you even asking? I'm the one who should ask when I became a fairy.

"Aren't all fairies females?"

Netere facepalmed. Those guys Are they real? He wanted to slap the stupidity out of them, but couldn't be negligent with his invisibility. Because he had to pick up the purchased food with his hands, he had to not cast [Fog of the Revenant]. The move wasn't risky at all, until a little girl decided to ruin his day. That's why kids are Whatever. Just as he said, she's only a child. In a couple of minutes, she'll be bored of waiting, and she'll quickly leave and play with her dolls.

The next hours passed by, and she was still here. How can she be so focused in this idiotic play? It's like she was staring at the apples without blinking once. The guy couldn't stand it any longer, sprawling on the nearby desk like if he was sleeping. He is indeed way more bored than Netere, who was standing still next to the fruits. No, seriously, go away, I want to buy my apples.

"Mierra, can we go? The fairy isn't coming"

"Stop making noise! The fairy is watching."

Yup. I am. That's why I'm not doing anything until you leave. Netere underestimated this child. He first thought it was a mere brat, but now she's really the most annoying one you could meet in your life.

"Are you sure it's fine to talk with your invisibility on?"

"

Wait. Invisibility? This time, Netere was interested in the child. Someone who can casts magic spells. How interesting. He always wanted to see one of them, since he's been utterly disappointed from his first escape. However, it had to be this little brat. At first, he thought it was strange that she was just standing in a so obvious spot. But if she was affected by invisibility, then that makes sense. Possessing the highest level of illusions in his repertoire, Netere was close to immune to them. Only another illusionist of his level could deceive his six senses.

"Come on Mierra, it's late, and I have to attend to Wane, or she'll start asking me why was I born."

"Then go heal her. I'm fine here."

And this one was a healer. What was the name of the job again? I keep cofounding priests and clerics. Weren't there a story about holding a mace or something? Whatever. Netere stared at him for a couple of minutes. They were sharing the same age. This fact made Netere nostalgic about his previous appearance. He was human, a young and promising one, and yet, now, he's stuck in an alien world, in a body that wasn't his. He did create it, but that should have been a character forever, a pile of data and pixels. Not some body made of shell and blood.

"Mierra, please let's go home"

"Stop distracting me!"

"AN OPENING!"

Taking advantage of their little hassle, Netere grabbed the apples, threw them inside his inventory, and replaced them with three gold coins before running away as fast as he could.

"Ah"

Left behind, Pharros and Mierra looked dumbfounded at what previously was a basket of fruits. And now, three round and golden coins stood there, shining under the sunset.

" It was a male voice."

" And you were saying all fairies were females. You disappoint me, assistant. I dismiss you."

"What?"

* * *

><p>Because the days grew colder and colder, people were partially grateful to wear clothes. Especially the guards, who wore day and night their heavy armour. They weren't purely made of metal, but it was still a weigh that could made the newbies sweat. Filippe was a veteran. It's been more than five years that he's been awarded the title of captain. However, he still feel hot under those layers of protection. Grabbing his water, he gulped multiple times, before sighing out of satisfaction.<p>

Recently, he has been invited by the mayor to report about the incident. He told exactly what he saw, interpreted the evidences he found, and added some extras to prettify the everything. Now, it's up to his superiors to take care of this. That doesn't mean he now was out of the issue. The gate he was ordered to defend has been breached by this creature. Never in his life did he felt that much shame.

Doubling the patrols, the amount of guards at the gate, on the walls. The alarm was still ringing in his head, and until he slain this creature and bring his head as a souvenir, he won't feel at ease at night. Devoted to the cause of protecting the people, the captain was checking with a ferocious gaze the people who kept coming in and out. There were merchants, villagers, adventurers. You need either a

special passport to enter the town, or to pay the toll, which wasn't that high. It's a tax to prevent unwanted people. Adventurers were given a free passport the moment they reach Platinum rank, but they weren't that many living in Propose.

Under the deadly watch of their captain, the guards worked harder than usual. Some were stiff inside their armour, they didn't dare to move when they saw their captain was in such a bad mood. The day went by, and no serious problem has risen. It was peaceful. Way too peaceful, when you know that a creature can come in and out at his leisure. This only enraged Filipe more and more. He hurriedly went inside the barracks, before stopping himself in front of a curious item at the entrance.

"Why is there a basket of food in front of the barracks?"

Was that an offering? This is not a temple, but a military industry. And people weren't kind enough to come and anonymously deposit food for others to eat, or is it going to rain spears tomorrow?

"Man, what is this? You eat when it's time to eat."

"Sorry sir, but it's not our lunch."

"Sir, it's our sellings for the Hungry Fairy!"

The Hungry Fairy? The fuck is that? Some tale for children that he never had heard of? It wasn't his job to crumble his men's dreams, but he couldn't allow such a show.

"Take it away, you think it's the market or something?"

"Apologize sir, but it is said the fairy only comes when you display your food!"

"I don't care about your stupid fairy, not throw this shit away!"

Obedying their captain, the guards took the basket and departed from the place. A Hungry Fairy that comes to buy food. What a farce. Wait! Food. Food? Food!

"YOU BASTARDS! IT'S THE GHOST! IT'S THE FUCKING GHOST!"

* * *

><p>I had a hard time writing "week" in the previous chapter.

I kept misspelling it "weak".

I hope this is just a slip of the pen...

8. Chapter 7

Oh crap... Readers demand MC's stats...

What do I do... What do I do...

****Oh right. Should start writing his stats then.****

*** * ***

><p>"Commander, this crisis cannot last any longer!"<p>

Inside one of the room in the militia departments, the commander Jerrote was sitting at his desk, holding his head between his hands. Since his captain Filippe came and requested to discuss about the monster of Propose, he had no choice but to listen. At first, he expected some kind of results. A proof, a witness, anything that can identify this prowling creature. Regrettably, all he heard was a strange conjuncture between the famous monster, and the famous Hungry Fairy. That's why he let out a deep sigh, feeling exhausted just listening to his subordinate.

"That's why we requires the support of the Mages' Guild!"

Just like the Adventurers' guild was the official association rallying all adventurers, the Mages' guild was an assembly for every magic caster that wished to experiment further in the abyss of magic. In theory, it should be a great congregation, full of potent sorcerers and knowledgeable sages. But reality was slightly different. Madmen. Every outsiders would without any hesitation call them with such a name.

Actually, they aren't that insane. People usually are afraid of what they don't understand, and magic perfectly fulfilled this role of feared mysteries. Those mages of the guild kept trying to discover new arcane. And they did. They currently released more than a thousand of new spells, entirely available to the people who are rich enough to buy their scrolls. However, from these thousand spells, the majority was meant to kill. It just helped to lower the popularity of the guild amongst the populace.

But even with a low credibility, they were still powerful magic casters. If anyone can take a magical creature, it's without a doubt a magic caster. Filippe then went to ask his commander about the recruitment of a magic caster specialized in stealth-detection magic. The request was awful, undoubtedly, but that wasn't what made Jerrote worry the most. His captain did theorize about the origin of the Hungry Fairy, affirming it was the same monster that destroyed the tavern since the beginning. Where did such thoughts come from?

"Commander, we need to-"

"I know, Captain. I know. But finding a magic caster with such criterion is a bitâ€¦"

There must be some from the Mages' guild that has some knowledge about stealth-detection magic. What he was afraid was to find the wrong guy. Jerrote never had a problem with a magic caster until now, and he'll do whatever he can to avoid changing that fact.

"Commander-"

"Captain."

His sudden change of tone shut Philippe's mouth. He knew he was being a bit too much demanding, however he had to, for the good of everyone's safety.

"I will think about it. Go back to your duty for now."

"Yes sir!"

Leaving the room with another of his discreet and satisfied smile, Philippe closed the door before heading to his quarters.

"What a painâ€¦"

He had a little hunch about what was going on with the collapse of the tavern, and the arrival of the Hungry Fairy. Coincidences doesn't exist in war. To his eyes, all of this looked like a camouflaged stratagem. Now, he needed to know who, or what was scheming the fall of Propose. No, he already know who was pulling the strings behind the curtains.

"The Dark Guildâ€¦ They finally started to moveâ€¦"

Two month ago, the first sign of their arrival appeared in the central district of the town. A huge black mark, painted on the walls of the buildings, to symbolise the descent of the acolytes of the God of Shadows. They are despicable assassins, murderers, and outlaws of all sort of origins. They didn't pay any mind if you weren't human, all you need is a confirmed profile and you're in. Of course, it was easier if you were a human, otherwise you'd risk yourself at being sold at the underground market.

A hidden troop, thirsty for blood that acts undercover until you can't put anymore effort at struggling for survival. They are good at appearing out of nowhere and disappearing when you finally catch them. Truly a troublesome threat. But since the advent of the black mark, nothing happened. Still no mass murders. Still no troublesome robbery. It was like they were waiting for a bigger opportunity to show itself. Jerrote thought they were waiting for the Green Sword, and catch them when they're at their weakest stance. But they did nothing. They either don't know they're here orâ€¦ No, they definitely know, but something is still holding them in wait.

That means, the day before and the day after the appearance of the so-called monster, something has changed. Is there a new celebrity, someone more important than the Adamantium team that furtively entered the town? Or maybe an item hidden in the crates made its entrance. This is giving him a headache. He knows nothing, and has no means to collect more information. If he sends spies looking for the Dark Guild, they'll be killed, and can possibly wake them up as well. He had to avoid that at all cost. He doesn't even know where to start searching, without bringing an uproar and, again, possibly waking them up.

Blocked between two walls, the commander of Propose hold his head in his hands, not knowing what he can do to stop this madness from spreading out of its hideout.

* * *

><p>"Okayâ€¦ This isn't goodâ€¦"<p>

After spending the day shopping inside the town, Netere came back pretty late at his shelter. He could create webs or even illusions, but he knew that the former wasn't permanent, while the latter needed his presence to work correctly. However, during his absence, a horrible change has occurred. He took the correct path, so he should have arrived at the correct destination. That's why he didn't understand why there were so many webs covering the area now. No, actually, he kind of know who was the culprit here.

And just when he thought about it, they came. First a dozen, then fifty, and more and more. They all came and saluted Netere in the same way as usual, by raising their front legs. What adorable creatures. Too bad it has to die by the newspaper. Oh wait, its inventory doesn't have any newspaper. But now, he has this! He previously managed to find a bug repellent, and bought it at a slightly higher price. Five gold coins. Should be enough, he said at that time.

"Back! Creatures from the hellfire! Behold my mighty bug repellent and-oh fuck it, just go away."

The bug repellent was a small pouch, contained inside an isolated bottle. Once opened, the smell scattered all bugs in the surroundings. Netere did expect to be affected as well, but he truly has the feeling of currently holding a mortal fragrance in his hand. With this smell, not only the bugs, but even the birds and the bears will run away. What does they put in their bug repellent to make it this effective? The spiders who were saluting rapidly dispersed into the wild, crying out loud from this painful stench.

"Ah! Take this! And oh dear I need a bath now!"

He didn't washed himself since he arrived in this world. He thought that was pretty useless, since he was a Spiderling, and also! He had more urgent matters to attend. But now, with this perfume stick to his robe, he will have to wash it in the nearby river. Will the stench even go away, just by putting some water on? He doubt that'll work, but had no other choice but to try.

"Who dares attack my sisters?!"

What was that?

In Yggdrasil, there were multiple kind of big monster, usually called boss by the players. The biggest needed more than forty players to slay them, and were called raid boss. Second in rank came the hidden bosses, or others common bosses you could find in dungeons. And finally, the worst of all, the world bosses. In common RPGs, they freely roam around the world, and requires a titanic damage output to be put down. But in Yggrasil, they were even more dangerous. You needed the presence of multiple guilds, the coordination of tanks and healers, the management of the threat bar, and a solid determination to succeed. And even with all of them, you never where sure you would win.

They drop extravagant items, but were extremely hard to handle. However, all bosses shared the same mechanic inside the game. A trigger activates their speech, signalling the beginning of an intense fight.

Right now, Netere was in big trouble. He's alone, hadn't the time to max again his level, and doesn't have the suited job to even deal damage. However, that's what makes him strong in his own domain. Illusions work on anyone, even bosses. You need 10th tier skills for it to affect a boss, but sometimes, that was still not enough. This is where a rank above the 10th tier becomes greatly effective. The cooldown was immense, and the time required to cast it was too long to be of use in the middle of a fight, but it still has uses before the beginning of a boss fight.

Super-Tier skills. They need no mana to be chanted, and their power is a league above the 10th tier. You could buy cash items from the developers' store to lower the casting time, but that was too late to regret it now. Netere started the chant, enveloping himself in an infinite amount of bluish circles and runes that illuminated the trees. He was about to invoke his strongest illusion, one even a world boss couldn't detect. This Super-Tier skill saved him countless times, against NPCs and hostile players. Now, he just has to hope that the boss's speech is long enough to let him finish.

Finally, behind the trees, it came. Netere was confused, because what he first saw was the topless form of a woman. No, that's what he wanted to think. There is no way to call this a human, even partially. The chest was indeed that of a girl, well developed and pretty to watch. But that was all. The hands were made of sharp claws, strong-looking enough to pierce the sturdiest armour you could wear. The head was just monstrous enough to send a chill in your spine. Eight eyes shined under the cover of her orange-coloured hair, and the jaws were vertically separated in two mandibles. Next to her, a huge spider followed. That was the lower-part of her body.

"Wait, this isâ€¦"

Netere hesitated about using his skill. He could cancel it now, and don't lose the daily limited uses of this list of tiered skills. Or launch it, and be certain he'll live another day. The reason he hesitated was because this monster was not on the list of the known bosses of Yggdrasil. Netere isn't sure about the name of all of them, but still memorized their appearance, while reading their lore. And this one was only a small mob that automatically spawns in arachnid-type dungeons.

A webweaver, possessing strong binding abilities and a paralysing venom. But if that was all, then there was nothing to fear. A feeble lvl 50 couldn't withstand an attack from a former lvl 100.

"Whoâ€¦ Are youâ€¦?"

"â€¦ You're not going to attack me?"

Netere was suspicious for many reasons. Mostly because webweavers were classified as hostile monsters, and attacked whoever was in their sight. And now, one of those girl was asking him a question. Is that really fine? Should he still sticks to his plan and escape?

"Why wouldâ€¦ Please, delete thisâ€¦ Hurtful thing you are holding..."

"Oh, sorry."

He quickly put the bug repellent away. In his inventory, that is. Wait, is that fine? Won't the smell spread inside of it? Well, he doesn't have any fire to do the business. But it's okay, he still has his skill soon ready for the grand spectacle. It would be a waste to use it on a lvl 50 stranger, but precautions need precautions.

"Now answers my interrogationsâ€¦ Who are youâ€¦ And why did you bring thisâ€¦ Thing, to our haven?"

"No, wait, that's my caveâ€¦"

That's not fair. He was away for only one day, and someone come and snatch away his only cover. And it has to be spiders.

"Yourâ€¦ Caveâ€¦?"

"Yeah. Right. My cave. Like, I came here first, and then one spider came, so I gave him a piece of meat. And then, other came, so I keep giving them a piece of meat. I repeated this stupid process until I had no more meat to share. So I had to go back to the town to buy some food, and a bug repellent to scare those same spiders. And now that I'm back, I noticed they took my place. Honestly, I'm angry. Give me a reason to not punch you in the face."

Like a slow computer, the webweaver was slowly digesting this sudden pack of information. And after some time, you could see on her face the expression of unease, of surprise, and of fear.

"Whoâ€¦ Are youâ€¦?"

"â€¦"

Channeling the Super-tier skill held no more meaning here. This was just a chit-chat between him and a hostile monster. There is no meaning in slaughtering this poor thing here and now.

"I am Netere. And who might you be?"

"â€¦ S'striâ€¦ My mother gave me this nameâ€¦"

"â€¦ Good for youâ€¦ Now leave me alone."

If she was at first alerted by the presence of Netere, now she seemed somewhat depressed.

"Weâ€¦ Can'tâ€¦"

"â€¦ And why? I hope it's a good and acceptable reason, or I'll use my bug repellent again."

"â€¦ Mother is dead."

"â€¦ Oh."

Feeling utterly bad for saying those mischievous words, Netere tried to apologize. But then remember he was talking with a webweaver. Remember, a previously hostile NPC in Yggdrasil. Who knows what kind of changes occurred between the two worlds? Spidery-type monsters

were based on a matriarchic hierarchy, were the majority of the community were females, while the males were hold captive to secure the next production of eggs. It could change between the different variants, but most of all followed the same rules.

You first had the workers that spend their time expanding the webs, and catching new preys everyday before sending them back to the depth of the nest. Next, the soldiers that was guarding the entrance and the insides from intruders. Only then, the family members starts to appear. You had the Daughters who played the role of a bridge between the workers and the family, and then, finally, the one you would call a Mother.

She holds the highest title in the community. And also was a hard boss to handle. Netere had to join a random party in order to slay one once. It was a hell of a dungeon, with all those tunnels and spiders that came from everywhere. The Mother is so big you would ask how she even managed to enter the cave first, however she was a very agile combatant. You needed lots of binding skills to slow her down. And while she is extremely weak to fire, a simple sparkle could ignite the whole web, causing the death of the group. Numerous reports were send to the developers about this stupid issue, but they never fixed it, considering it wasn't a bug.

And now, he just learnt that a group managed to kill a Mother? They must be really strong to achieve this feat. It also gave him an answer he's been looking for a moment now. The presence of players is now confirmed. He can now go and ask them about the circumstances of Yggdrasil, and if they know a way back. That would be too easy, of course they wouldn't, otherwise you wouldn't find them fighting a Mother. But still, now Netere is certain that he's not alone anymore. Let's ask the webweaver about their doings.

"Do you know where I can find them?"

"Will youâ€¦ Avenge Mother?"

"Avenge? No no, I just want to ask them some questions."

He wasn't sure if she was convinced. Her face was pretty hard to read. But she still answered with a few words.

"They rest in the nearby townâ€¦ The Adamantium teamâ€¦ The Green Swordâ€¦"

* * *

><p>"Soâ€¦ What the hell happened again?"<p>

"I don't know. It went boom and then nothing."

"Right. Nobody saw it coming. It's like the building collapsed by itself."

Under the foundations of Propose, three shadows were discussing about the famous incident about the tavern. Assassins, murderers, outlaws, the very proof that humanity has the darkest sides in his kingdoms' heart. They kill and plunder and ravage and they need no reason to act like this, except because they can. Loot and steal what you don't have. Slaughter and butcher whoever is blocking your path. A hymn

sung over the blood of their victims.

Their next target is Propose. They already marked it two month ago. The leader decides, the subordinates follow. And if you're not happy, you can go embrace the worms for the next eternity.

"That's a shame. I liked his beer."

"Who cares? They all'll be dead by tomorrow."

"Really? It's tomorrow?"

"Weren't you there when the chief said it?"

"'Was busy, you know?"

"Yeah, we know. And you really should stop trying to spread every girls' legs before the signal. The boss'll kill you if they notice you."

"Really think they can? Nobody wins against my illusions."

"Nobody but the girls. You're trying too hard bro."

"Hey. Shut up you asshole. At least I know what I want, me."

"Oh I do, don't worry about that."

With only a candle to light the room, it was hard to tell, but only two of the men were human, while the last was a member of a forgotten people. Its blackish skin was hard to discern in the darkness, but you could clearly see its tongue licking the dagger in his hand.

"Oh man, don't talk about this now."

"Come on. Why nobody calls this an art? It's so beautiful, and exciting, andâ€¦"

"Yeah yeah, we know. That's why you too should wait the signal."

"Ahhhâ€¦ Tomorrowâ€¦ I can't wait for it to happenâ€¦"

* * *

><p>Stats will be ready at end of volume 1.

Gimme some time to produce everyone's stats.

Oh wait. I just said that was volume 1...

9. Chapter 8

I'm still not finished with the stats...

And week-end's over, time to work...

Oh, another review...

****... That's what you call a long review. Time to answer readers.****

******-How did the Adamantium team "The Green Sword" managed to handle those high-leveled monsters and succeed at killing the Mother, while all those monsters must be around level 50 and the Mother is probably lvl 60?******

>Well, first I'd like to repeat myself. I'm writing this fanfiction on a whim. Almost the entire story was made up on the spot. I didn't planned the presence of a commander, nor of the guild master. The rumour of the Hungry Fairy was also made up on the spot, because I thought it would be funny if the merchants started to believe in such an urban legend. When I wrote the prologue, I still wasn't sure about what to do about this spider invasion. I didn't even created S'stri before finally needing someone to speak for the spiders. I'll talk more about it when I finish this story, now about the Green Sword... Actually, I wanted to explain this later in the story, so I hope you can wait until then.

******-The Orb of Death and Hamsuke immediately recognized Ainz as an overwhelming entity that far surpassed the gods. Why isn't S'stri the same, and joyfully crying for meeting the Great Spider God Of Darkness And Mysteries?******

>That's because... I'm only checking misspells and grammatical errors. I'm not giving a second thought when writing this story, mainly because, even if some parts does disturb me, I can't help but think that it'll be fine. I'm certain that the author of the non-canon volume 10 is giving himself a number of headaches to write its story while I'm not for my own story. But it's okay, because I still like writing it, and I still like reading it again sometimes. Even if, sometimes, I'm asking myself "What did I dooooooooo?!"

****I hope that did answer your questions.****

****Now time for chapter...****

* * *

><p>A magic caster is someone who materialize its dreams through his spells. This is what they believe in. This is what every newcomer believe in when they enter the Mages' guild. Brilleeta is no different from them. At first, she was fascinated by this incomprehensible force that could scatter the world with only a few words spoken. But something even more natural captivated her in the phenomena called magic.<p>

A magic caster uses mana to cast his spells. But what is mana? Where does it come from? Deep within us? But here are no organs that hold this ethereal essence that we can freely manipulate. Then is this where we start believing in the existence of the soul? It's already part of common sense, where religions and sects proclaim that their god will judge you upon the weight of your soul. But that still wasn't enough.

What is mana? This question tormented her night and days, until she couldn't stand it anymore, and decide to retire from the Mages' guild. Her superiors where disappointed in her behaviour, but still offered her a new position in Propose. That's when her career as an adventurers' guild master started. It was something new, so she

didn't want to screw up. But months passed, years followed, and now, she feels like she's stuck here, with nothing but a bunch of battlemaniacs who only come either to cause trouble, or to look for another published monster massacre.

"Foolsâ€¦ All of themâ€¦"

She wanted to go back, during those good old times when she was experimenting on this so-called mana to discover the truth about it. She even experimented on magical beasts, to check if anything more evident was present. But at that time, she failed. She couldn't find anything. You chant a spell, your mana pool reacts and feed your spell. That's all. She called herself a failure as a magic caster before retiring. Maybe she should have persevered a bit more, maybe she could haveâ€¦ No, there is no use in regretting the past. What's done is done. Right now, she has one bigger problem in her arms.

A monster appeared, and ravaged a tavern before disappearing into the wild without anyone seeing anything. Brilleeta already opened an urgent request, but nobody took it yet. Well, she did just open it yesterday, let's let the adventurers notice there is a new paper on the board, with the word "urgent" written on it. But now, she was even more uneasy than before. She first said it was a chameleon, she was certain about it. That was because she knew about the spiders living in the woods. Chameleon's favourite meal.

But her assumption crumbled the next day. Who is this Hungry Fairy? It's simple, it's the same monster that destroyed the tavern. Her instinct screamed that fact. It's close to impossible than a creature come just like that, and then suddenly a second makes its appearance. It's either a fat coincidence, or everything is linked this way. It has to be. Then, should she still worries about it? The answer is yes. Hungry Fairy or not, it is still a monster capable of destroying a whole building in one night, and of disappearing without leaving any trace behind.

And so, the hunt must begin. She currently was reading a letter, and after she finished, she put it in a drawer, and locked it with magic. No thief could open it without saying hello to a dramatic explosion, leaving nothing but ashes of his remains. But now, she was utterly worried. When one problem arise, a million more follow. First this creature, and nowâ€¦ An invasion of spiders.

She was aware of the battle between the two kingdoms that unfolded in the nearby plain. She was also certain than the Kingdom of Blue had no chance of winning. The mayor knew as well, but he already made preparation to surrender to the enemy. He either does that, or die by their blades. And this letter held the details of the results of the war: both side annihilated by a third party. She first remembered the Green Sword's previous quest about slaying a broodmother, but instantly denied it. If she can't believe in the Adamantium's success, then she can just give up on humanity's survival.

"It must be some sort of territorial issueâ€¦ But this is going to be a problem."

When two broodmothers lived in the same area, it was what you would call a territory war, where two armies of spiderlings fight to the death until one side win over its opponent. Brilleeta feared that this was the doing of a second broodmother, who noticed the demise of its

enemy, and decided to celebrate by expanding its territory. It's either that orâ€¦ No, the Green Sword couldn't have made a so simple mistake.

"But I still need to know how much time we have. Assistant!"

Opening the door at her call, a man in the guild's uniform appeared.

"You called?"

"Yes. Call a team specialized in scooting, and send them in the nearby forest to look for any threat. "

"Yes madam."

The guild had a way to investigate the content of the quests. Instead of naively trusting whoever comes and gives a request, a team is sent to report the evidences. A group composed of simple assistants usually do the job, but she needed a team used to a forest environment, and who could come back when they meet a strong enemy.

* * *

><p>"Okâ€¦ We're hereâ€¦ Now let's find them..."<p>

Enchanted with various illusions, Netere became indiscernible from the breath of the wind. He wanted to meet those players who were playing the role of adventurers. Even if they don't know anything about a way back, it's still good to know that he can talk with faithful gamers. What will they be talking about? Certainly about their problems since they were stranded in this world. But he also wanted to talk about anything that could cross his mind. Is this how you make new friends? He has no idea, but still wanted to try. It was an once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, he couldn't let it go or he'll be sure to regret it.

Full of expectations, he escalated the old walls that protected the town from the outside threats, making his way through the crowded streets. He arrived here three days ago, and already felt used to the sight of commoners walking around the place, and guards patrolling the sectors. You could see children playing under the watch of their mother, while the father was away probably working his ass off to gain his pay. Certain guys brought their gear with them, those so called adventurers who went preparing themselves for their future quests.

You could see a large variety of faces, of hair, of garments, but they all shared the same origin. Humans' country weren't open to other demi-humans. The region was under the reign of the two most outstretched kingdoms, governed by a long-lined generation of brilliant sons who maintained why their father left them for them to carry on. Unfortunately, they weren't the only race living on the continent.

Far to the north, another country has been founded with the principle of being a refuge for everyone that needed one. Its history was soon to be lost, as nobody from this epoch was alive to share the tale. Even the ever-living elves couldn't be certain about the details of

such origins. It rapidly changed when the neighbours saw their tiredness growing day after day after viewing reports about such naive harmony. Deciding this earth wasn't used properly, they all charged at the same time, and ravaged what was supposed to be hidden and well-defended paradises. But now, those lands were covered by its dead inhabitants' sorrow, and left what was now known as the Great Dead Barrens.

Closer and bordering the east and south borders, lives the Royale Dragon's territory. Those were essentially wild lands, where civilisation could never grow because of its stubborn ruler. As the name implies, this vast land was under the sovereignty of one member of the most majestic and powerful creature. Possessing a strong pair of wings, claws that could reduce to pieces the sturdiest armours, and clad in a natural mantle of scales, a dragon governed this country. Over there, everyone was free of all rules but one: you obey the dragon, or else you'll be reduced to nothingness in a mere blink of your eyes.

Finally, to the west existed nothing, but the never-ending ocean that covered the horizon. However, even if the sea routes where open, sailors had to navigate close to the seashore. Actually, this large ocean was the resident of the people living in the depth of the water. Those charming creature, half-woman, half-fish, had this bad habit to lure away the men by driving crazy their lust. They first thought about waging war against those creatures to reclaim their lost investment, but decided otherwise. It was plain stupid to battle against an enemy that can swims faster than you. Thus they more or less closed the see frontier, letting only fishers go roam close to the port, at the risk of losing their life.

It's incredible what the skills [Clairvoyance] could do in a real world. Inside the game, it was a basic ability which added more stories to the ones the player could find during his trips. The actual value of this skill was null, but for someone enjoying those parts of additional and exclusive lore, this was a must-have for Netere. Unlike what the name could imply, this was an active skill, which required to be cast on a target like a book, a scriptures or even a NPC. For the latter, you first had to listen to most of his dialogue, and only then you can use the skill. The results became truly interesting outside of the game.

He first expected to have the majority of his learnt skills and magic to be useless inside reality, but actually, even the job Storyteller had his uses. The job was hard to level up, as you needed to discover new texts and read them with the hope of not finding an unknown language to gain the specific experience. It demanded more time than effort, but the process was so slow Netere once thought he already maxed the job. And, honestly, even at max level, no grand bonuses came to view. All it did was unlock another special job, and the skill [Ancient Knowledge], which permitted him to break the limit by holding more than five hundreds spells in his list of skills. He first started by learning all skills and spells from his basic jobs, then had to fill the hole with fifty or so other skills.

This is ridiculous, he said when he first tried [Clairvoyance] on a worker who kept complaining about the cold. Along some details about his background, Netere even received his name and age through the skill without even asking the person. That's why he was plenty confident about finding the Adamantium team. He just had to ask the

right person andâ€¦ Jackpot! However, he had to first find the good one. The town of Propose wasn't really huge, but still, there was too much inhabitants to start asking them one by one. That's why he needed to find an important-enough one to know the information he seeks.

The mayor could know about them, however Netere decided to depart for the Adventurers' guild, assuming the players he was looking for certainly went over there to do adventurer's stuff. Without any physical form, he passed through the numerous mages and warriors who were waiting inside the building. It doesn't matter how many time you come here, they'll still make a deafening ruckus from the counter to the indoor bar. Looking around, Netere pondered about trivial matters. Is this what it feel to enter a populated world back in Yggdrasil?

Going back to business, he headed forward. There must be a president somewhere hereâ€¦ Maybe behind those corridors. Going upstairs, he noticed the reasonably calmer atmosphere. But the loud discussions downstairs still echoed here. How could you work with those nerve-wrecking conditions?

"Assistant!"

Suddenly, a voice came from behind one door ahead. Netere had the slight fear of meeting a strict and severe boss. Not long after the call, someone appeared behind another door, then opened this one with diligent manners.

"You called?"

"Yes. Call a team specialized in scooting, and send them in the nearby forest to look for any threat. "

"Yes madam."

Oh? This sounded interesting. According to their words, in a few days, he'll have the visit of scouts. After giving it a second thought, this could be bad. If they do find the spiders' nest, things could escalate quickly in a wrong way. Well, now he's aware of that fact. He'll have to camouflage its hideout with magic now. Netere let the so-called assistant leave this place, before sending his gaze toward this same door. So the boss was standing there? What a fortunate strike of luck.

Thanks to his spells, Netere could pass through the door without even forcing himself to pain himself at touching anything. He found himself in a large room, filled with so many books that must suit the owner's personal taste in literature. He could find a dozen of chairs, surrounding a round table at a corner of the room, while the other was occupied by the working-desk, and a woman sitting behind it. She wore a bizarre uniform, which resembled what the assistant was wearing. Her beauty didn't pale compared to the celebrities Netere remember from his homeworld, and he couldn't help but fix what looked like decorations and jewels, but the ominous aura that radiated from them told about their magical properties.

Yggdrasil offered numerous classes which composed the magic caster's category, and all of them, except special ones, were based on the same energy to cast their skills: mana. It was a common mystical

resource found in most RPGs, which the character spent in order to use his abilities. And while it was indeed a valuable essence for magic casters, the developers had to implement means to disable its uses through many ways. And this is how the Mana Digger's job saw the day. The quest to unlock this job was unknown to Netere, however he still was informed about its various and potent capabilities.

The basis of this job is orbiting around the manipulation of mana itself. Its skills were mostly cost-free, while the most important ones required a massive amount to be cast. However, their passive skill [Mana hole] slowly sucked up their reserve, making them unable to save a decent amount before a fight. This is where, actually, they shine. If mana was a lake deep within us, then the high-level Mana Diggers could drain it in an instant if you couldn't stop them in time. They were a true nightmare against magic casters in PVP, but utterly useless in PVE, mainly when the hostile monster didn't held a huge quantity of mana.

Against such an opponent, Netere couldn't help but quietly shiver. This woman only needed to cast a [Silent Magic: Mana Drain], and he could say goodbye to his magic. That's why he had to act so rashly without a bit of hesitation.

Spiders were efficient at binding their opponent in a thick cocoon made of web, giving them all the time in the world to bite its prey, injecting the venom inside their veins to paralyze all their muscles, while slowly dissolving them from the inside.

Being a spiderling, Netere could without an inch imitate this process. But he didn't.

Being an illusionist, he could hugely confuse her mind, making her fuzzy and unable to even think about what happened. But he didn't.

Being a storyteller, he could cast [Clairvoyance], and hope he'll get the right answers at first or maybe second try. But he didn't.

The conditions to use this skill were already confirmed. He needed to listen to her monologue, until he's able to extract the information he wanted.

"[Dispel]"

Saying the keyword, Netere made his enchants disappear. Becoming tangible once more, as well as visible again, he gave her no time to even understand what just appeared in the middle of the room, and instantly started to chant again.

"[Extended Magic: False assumption]"

What he needed was a spell strong enough to incapacitate her, while still making her able to speak.

Because the developers thought skills weren't plenty enough diversified, they added a new sub-routine to cast your favourite spells. [Silent Magic] made the skill indiscernible to hear, [Delay Magic] added a little timer before the spells actually activates, [Maximize Magic] forced the damage output of a lower-tier spells to compete with a 10th tier spell. And specifically for spells that

inflicts damage or status effect over time, [Extended Magic] stretched the duration to an even longer period of time. Combined with the skill [False assumption], what should have initially been ten seconds of duration now became more than two minutes of a disarray of pictures that temporarily covered her sight, before afflicting her with a hidden status effect.

Netere expected her to recover from the shock, and start chanting in a hurry whatever spell she wanted to use. However, [False assumption] would have interrupted her, disabling her job related skill list for an extended period of time. This was the best plan he could come with in this short amount of time. Making her unable to struggle with additional paralysing venom if he even needs to, and then talk with her. That was, of course, with the hypothesis that she isn't carrying any status-purging item in her bag. Fortunately, she didn't seemed to possess any. Actually, she wasn't even moving at all, untilâ€¦| Until she fainted.

Shocked as well, Netere didn't expected this development. He was prepared for a short fight against a mana digger. He'd strike first, forbidding her from chanting. He quickly checked his aura [Natural Predator], but did not forget to turn it off before entering the city. He still haven't turned it on since his first night here, fearing this kind of aura could make its infiltration impossible. And nowâ€¦| Well, he went to check her health, but had a hard time checking her heartbeat with its claws. He then looked at her earrings, those magic items that made him panic for a moment.

"[All Appraisal Magic Item]"

Chanting the spells that allowed him to know more about those decorations, the text that sprouted in his mind confirmed his assumption.

"Waah, it's still the same text box from Yggdrasilâ€¦| So a [Mana Analyser] enchant, eh? That's what I thoughtâ€¦|"

With this equipment, she was able to guess the amount of mana someone possessed. This kind of information was pretty valuable in PVP, where you could know how much time a magic caster had before running out of mana. While he pondered about what to do now, a strong string of saliva smeared over his mandibles.

"Shitâ€¦| Passive kicking in againâ€¦|"

Still not used to this gigantic hunger of him, and because he wanted to meet those players as soon as possible, he almost forgot to eat enough food before going. This passive really was giving him more trouble than anything. He couldn't continue buying what the market offered everyday. Will come the day where either he has no more money, or there'll be no more food in the stores. But this worry was unnecessary here and now. He still has plenty to offer to the citizens, and plenty of time before going mad. It was still bearable, but he knew he'll soon have to eat something before going crazy of starvation.

* * *

><p>When I said that I hadn't planned the guild master... Honestly, even when I created her, I still had no idea about what to

do with her.

****Should I make her struggle? Should I make her save the day? Should I kill her?****

****Well, she helped me fill the hole in this chapter, when I needed someone to talk about the Adamantium team to Netere. ****

****At first, I wanted him to be guided by a spider, which knew about the smell of those murderers that killed its Mother. ****

****And then, I asked myself "Who will they meet first?"****

****I wanted them to meet Mierra, because I wanted to see her happy face when she knew she was talking with the Hungry Fairy (while wearing its invisibility, of course, or she'll just faint just like Brilleeta for looking at a big spider).****

****But I had not idea how to make them meet.****

****So I thought about Paul.****

****The leader of the Adamantium team, the one who has slain the Mother. ****

****But then I noticed that it'll be a little hard to make him speak due to a severe depression from losing a friend.****

****"Why don't make him hallucinate when he'll hear Netere's voice?" Well I first had to make Netere accidentally raise his voice. And seriously, its monsterish voice? That will just make Paul frightened.****

****So... Yeah, thanks Brilleeta.****

10. Chapter 9

****What do you call a reader with a hoe and a torch?****

****A raider.****

****Got it? Reader... Raider... Eh eh...****

****I need chocolate...****

*** * ***

><p>"Here is some water"<p>

Holding the gourd, Pharros slowly poured the fresh liquid inside Wane's mouth. Still paralyzed, she couldn't move an inch, and was nursed by the group's priest even for drinking a small amount of water. Her pride as a powerful warrior was long gone, as she grew accustomed to this daily routine by now.

"Thanks, Pharrosâ€¦ Sorry to trouble youâ€¦"

"Don't worry. If you need anything, just ask."

With nothing to do for the rest of the day, Pharros sat next to Wane while examining her current state. He could ask her again how she felt, but she became tired to repeat the same answers. It was instead decided that she'll be the one to tell him if anything had improved. Not knowing what to talk about, Pharros sent his gaze toward the small figure that was sleeping on the other bed. Probably bored, Mierra decided to take a nap. It was good to see this child who overcame this crisis now peacefully sleeping.

"I was afraid about her tooâ€¦ But unlike me, she looks fine."

"Amongst us all, you were the one with the most serious injuries. You were lucky to have escaped thisâ€¦"

Suddenly minding his words, Pharros was afraid he walked on a landmine. They all felt responsible for the loss of their friend, but while Mierra looked somewhat fine, he still didn't know Wane's point of view about this subject.

"Sorry, I should not have-"

"Why are you apologizing all of a sudden, you dumbass?"

Hearing the insult out of nowhere, Pharros was a little surprised and looked straight at Wane. She hasn't moved for a whole week, the burden could have made her accumulate some stress. However, he dismissed such thoughts. Her eyes were clearly open, and their brightness told just how much stamina she still had to give away before passing out. A mere venom that kept her from moving wasn't enough to bring this woman down.

"You're worrying too much, idiotâ€¦"

Letting an embarrassed smile appear on his face, Pharros couldn't help but apologize once more.

"It was a hell of a nightmareâ€¦ And it was our mistake if she diedâ€¦ But now it's too late to regret, so just carry onâ€¦"

"Is that really what you think, Wane?"

"Don't joke around. I too feel bad about what happenedâ€¦ Honestly, I don't even want to talk about this, yet I can't stop myself when you bring itâ€¦ Damn."

Silence separated them for a moment. It gave enough time to Pharros to ponder about his comrade's words, about the events that led to this horrible conclusion at the spiders' nest, about what exactly happened back there.

"Stillâ€¦ Well, I am glad that Mierra is fine now. We just have to wait for your recovery."

"â€¦ And what about Paul?"

Paul was missing since they came at Propose. Pharros knew very well how and where to find him. He frequently asked himself what he could do to help his teammates, so all he did was giving them a bed where they could rest until they settle with their inner turmoil. But

nowâ€| Mierra was fine, and Wane looked good if you put the poison aside. Then maybeâ€|

"Yes. I think it is time nowâ€|"

Maybe it is time to regroup. Pharros feared Paul would disband the Green Sword after what happened, but something even more terrible happened. He knew that if he couldn't save at least this friend, then all of this would have been meaningless.

"I will go andâ€| See what I can do."

"As I said, you're worrying too much."

Smiling at her harsh remark, Pharros could do nothing but hope that Wane wasn't wrong. He wasn't strong, all he did was waving a cane, casting healing spells, removing curses and so on. But that was a priest's job, if he couldn't do that, he would feel ashamed. However, even when possessing such power, all he felt now was powerlessness, for being unable to remove the venom in his friend's vein, and the sorrow from his leader's mind.

Further away, Pharros prepared himself mentally. As a priest, you couldn't find better than him in the adventurer's world. But as a friend, he considered himself as a failure. What is the use of healing a wound, if he couldn't even save a life? What is the meaning of holding all those powerful spells if they weren't capable of rescuing the people he cherished the most? He let out a short sigh. He hadn't the time to think about all of this. Right now, what he has to do is find Paul.

Leaving the building where Wane and Mierra are quietly sleeping, Pharros went in a known direction that led him to his destination. The travel wasn't quite far, but he still felt he only had the time to blink twice before finding the words he will tell to his old friends.

When they were only child, they played this famous game where they imitated heroes from tales. Paul was a simple and shy kid who always feared to hurt anyone around him. He wasn't especially strong, nor did he possesses any unique talent that gave him the strength to lift mountains. But that was okay, he kept repeating to everyone, because he is happy with the life he had. Wearing this never-fading smile was what gave Pharros the will to follow this awe-inspiring child, who then became a man that rivalled every legends that he had heard of.

Since they became adventurer, they first met Wane, a ferocious woman who speaks with her blade. She sensed an unyielding might in Paul, and challenged him at first before joining the band. Then appeared Mierra out of nowhere, a child that kept making disturbance at the local guild where they refused to accept someone of such a young age. She never could show her potential, as everyone ignored what they called a child's tantrum. But Paul gave her a chance to join him in a feasible monster's hunt, and was impressed by her incredible talent in magic. Then, finally, came the last female member of what soon became the largely known Adamantium team the Green Sword.

She was an arrogant and hateful lady, who despised adventurer for their carefree behaviour and sometime rude acts. Believing that the

Green Sword was no exception, she openly challenged Paul to achieve an impossible task. The content was simple: bring back a plant, from a den full of monsters. As if he didn't know the risk, Paul naively accepted. He departed the next day, and came back five days later, covered in cuts, bites, blood, mud, while holding in his hands the requested plant. This quest was meaningless, Pharros knew it. The plant held no medicine value, and it was painstakingly rare to find one. The only reason he did it was because of those words he said: because someone asked me to help them.

She was arrogant, hateful, mannerlessly asking someone to go die for a random flower, but he still acted like a good guy. Wane was dumbfounded when she learnt about it, and Mierra asked if Paul was sane. But Pharros knew too well that this scene just described too well how Paul truly felt. That wasn't for love, for fame, or for money. Someone asked me to help them, so I did.

"Those were your words. You remember, Paul?"

Sitting on a crate, Pharros was reminiscing the past, holding its hand while showing an expression that told just how much painful it was to him to talk to his friend. Lying on the ground, was a shady man that only showed the shadows of itself. Surrounded by depravation itself, the silent man kept staring at the void in front of him, grasping empty bottles of alcohol in his two hands without letting them go away. The so generous, so cheerful Paul that kept smiling all those years, was now only a pitiful man that decided to abandon everything he believed in.

"Say, Paulâ€¦ Do you remember our last quest? When the guild asked us to take care of a troubling spider nest?"

Pharros tried to look at Paul, but still saw dead eyes, empty of any kind of hope or joy. From his simple minded devotion to help anyone that came to ask him, he turned his back to everything and started asking himself "why should I care?".

"It wasâ€¦ Yes, it was hard at the beginningâ€¦ We first had to find the entrance, but we kept walking in traps, and had to fight an endlessly arrival of spiders from all sideâ€¦"

Paul made some pauses in his monologue, hoping that Paul would react, or try filling the holes in the story. But he didn't show any reaction, it was exactly like he didn't care at all, which filled Pharros with a bizarre sensation of sorrow, and resentment.

"And when we finally found the cave that lead to the heart of the nest, but we couldn't keep up with the spiders that kept coming at us like their number was infinite. That is whenâ€¦"

That is when Sophia said that we maybe could lure the Spiderqueen by killing all of his offspringâ€¦ So we didâ€¦ And she was rightâ€¦"

The name of the deceased was spoken, suddenly followed by a slight movement from Paul. From an uninterested face, his eyes opened like they were going to pop out. Pharros didn't need to talk any longer, as his friends was currently viewing again the scene in his mind. But he couldn't tell, or even if he did, he felt something urging him to continue.

"The Spiderqueen left the cave and started to fight us. You were the vanguard, Wane managed to cut two of its legs, and Sophia was defending Mierra and me from any remaindersâ€¦ And thenâ€¦"

"Shut upâ€¦"

Stroke by this sudden surprise, Pharros looked straight at Paul. He knew what this expression meant. Those eyes, still dim, were still filled with a faint emotion. But that wasn't gladness nor sadness, but hatred. He was intimidated by those eyes that didn't fit the usual Paul, but still had to continue his story.

"And thenâ€¦"

"Shut upâ€¦"

"â€¦ The Spiderqueen overwhelmed youâ€¦"

"Shut upâ€¦"

"And seeing you in this dangerous position, Sophia actedâ€¦"

"Shut upâ€¦"

"She threw a stone at the Spiderqueen to draw her attention, and lured her inside the cave, and thenâ€¦"

"Shut upâ€¦"

"â€¦ Then sheâ€¦ She told Mierra to make the cave collapseâ€¦"

"Shut up!"

In an uproar, Paul was suddenly standing up, violently pushing Pharros against the wall. The sudden shock bewildered Pharros, but he still had to continue.

"Paul, you have to listen! Sophia died not because of your fault, but because she thought it was the best plan she could come up with!"

"I said shut up!"

A large punch met with his cheek. The strength of an Adamantium adventurer is no joke, even for Pharros who had no physical defence. The pain was stirringly making him grinding his teeth, but he still had to continue.

"Paul! It's not your fault! Everyone did what was possible to do to prevent this situation, but Sophia still decided-"

"Shut up!"

Another punch made Pharros temporarily lose his consciousness. Playing the role of an Adamantium's punching ball isn't good for your health. Paul loosened his grip, letting Pharros leave before he does something irreversible. Howeverâ€¦

He still had to continue.

"Aaaaaah! Pauuuul!"

Pharros shouted with all his strength before launching what he thought was his best punch in his lifetime. The difference was obvious, but a punch was still a punch. The two of them began to exchange their fists, and even if Paul had an overwhelming advantage, Pharros didn't make a step back.

"GOD DAMMIT LISTEN PAUL! WE ARE ALL TO BLAME FOR THIS!"

"SHUT UUUUP!"

A kick suddenly flew in his stomach. Taken by surprise by this attack, Pharros fell on the ground, holding his waist like he was holding the immense pain from spreading in his body. He still had to continue, but his current state didn't allow him to.

"I couldn't save her, okay?! It was my role to protect all of you, and she still died! How is this not my fault?!"

Those words held truth. However— How could Pharros accept them? Even selfishness should have its limits. Pushed by this new force, he stood up and bashed Paul with another fist.

"Because you think you're the only one worried?! God dammit Paul I am sick of this now! You were always the one taking all the blame, but you didn't think for a moment that — That we weren't worried about you?! Can't you stop with your bullshit of helping everyone and start noticing that there are people that care about you?!"

Every time we went on a request, I asked myself if everything will be fine! Every time you took a hit, I asked myself if my magic will be enough to heal you! Every god dammit time you suddenly disappear, and then reappears the next day because you — so wanted to help a poor random guy, what do you think I was asking myself?! What do you think Wane and Mierra were asking themselves during your absence?! And Sophie god dammit! She had a crush on you, but you were stupid enough to play the dense man and keep playing around with your god dammit irresponsible sense of duty!"

Before he noticed, tears started to flow from his eyes. Unable to hold it any longer, Pharros let his emotions clearly reveal themselves.

"Paul, I always hated you because you were so naïve and all, but now — Damn it!"

The weight disappeared, and with it, all the tension that built up between them. Pharros couldn't take it anymore, and Paul asked himself what was wrong with wanting to help everyone. Isn't it good manners to offer a hand? What was wrong with it? He couldn't understand what he did wrong, except for one part. After all those years, he had those irreplaceable companions, so why didn't he share his lot of worries? Why was he so easy-going, and wasn't thinking about the consequences and the responsibilities? Was he afraid to leave his childhood, or something else was preventing him to put that side of him aside?

No, he did nothing wrong, except for making his friends worry for nothing. Not for nothing, but for some stupid and unreasonable

excuses. And now, how will he be able to be forgiven by those same friends? The sight of Pharros's face full of anger of tears shattered his hesitation. He still doubted about what was right to do now, howeverâ€¦ How could he not help those people that he had neglected for so long? Placing his hands on the shoulders of his friends, the only words he could offer were simple, stupid, yet held a profound meaning to the happy-go-lucky Paul.

"I'm sorryâ€¦ I will take care of all of youâ€¦ I'm truly sorry Pharrosâ€¦"

* * *

><p>A long time ago, a child asked someone "What does it feel to be killed?". That wasn't out of curiosity, or because he wanted to know what was on the other side, but because the man that was laying on the ground in front of him, covered in his blood, was responsible for killing his family. Seeking revenge, the boy grabbed a knife, and took the culprit's life in the same instant. His eyes weren't cold. They were crying out of sadness, while burning with an immense rage for this outrageous act.<p>

Without any more anchor to attach him in this village, he still chose to stay inside the same house. He now was an orphan. A desperate orphan that was needing the simplest help anyone could have given him. A hand, a shoulder, anything that could have helped him stand up once more. But nobody came. No rats, only the fresh wind that passed through the broken windows to cool down his petite body. However, he didn't felt cold at all, because what kept him warm was this unending anger that burnt his innocent childish soul.

Nobody came to help him. No survivors, no guards, no so-called adventurers. Nobody. Is this some kind of punishment to torment him? Isn't he suffering enough with all this pain and loss? I hate you, adults that only think about themselves. I hate you, people for being so selfish and self-centred. I hate you all. I'll make you regret this day, you who killed my family, you who neglected my sorrow, and you who made business on everybody's misfortune.

With those dark thoughts, the child grew more and more, his eyes reflecting this straight-forward hatred towards every people he met. First, he picked a fight with everyone that despised him, thrusting his fists into anyone's face. Then, he learnt that this dudgeon couldn't be sated with mere hassles the day when someone brought a knife. Close to being killed, and before letting his life flash through his mind, he did what he had to do in order to survive. In the midst of this jungle, it's kill or be killed.

Years passed, and the boy was invited to join the Dark guild by dubious people. The words they used where curious, but plain enough to attract his attention.

"You will be free from this never-ending pain clinging inside your body."

Lies. The pain is still here. This ferocious desire never left him, residing somewhere near its heart day and night.

Sitting atop the table, under the cover of the shadows, his fingers were gently caressing a strangely shaped stick that was emitting a

lightless grey aura. After all those years, what did he gain? Revenge? Power? Even by becoming responsible for hundreds of innocent's death, nothing has changed. Why would the world change, anyway? People keep falling deeper and deeper, and nobody would come to proffer a bit of help. Adventurers, priests of the temples, nobles, knights, even the king

"You're all useless"

Muttering those small words, the grown up man left its place and started to walk in the direction of the corridors. It was difficult to maintain a decent amount of light in the underground, and while magic could easily replace torches, it required the presence of a magic caster which knew about such spells. Of course, most of the Dark guild's members were passionate assassin, whose blade were sharper than their mind.

After a short walk, he arrived in a grand room, filled with numerous faces that held no dignity nor respect towards anyone else. Not long ago, he asked his aide to gather everyone here. Now, a bunch of murderers was waiting under his nose for the speech.

"Alright guys. The preparations are done. It's time to shed their fucking blood!"

Raising the stick he was holding above its head, what he did was activating the item. Everyone here knew the meaning of this gesture, and of those ominous flames that scattered around it. The signal was sent.

* * *

<p>The story of two man.

One who goes right, one who goes wrong.

Netere's stats are soon ready, but I'm bad at math...

By the way, another reader asked about the appearance of the MC...

**Imagine Hon from Helck, but with a spiderish face, some jewels on the torso, a book at his side, and under the two meters bar for the height. **

That should do it, I think...

11. Chapter 10

More and more readers come.

Some of them read, some of them talk.

I have no idea what the former is thinking about, and I'm curious about what the latter is thinking about.

They keep coming, sharing their thoughts, and the words they believe in.

****Nevermind the main aim, it's still enough to make someone's day.****

* * *

><p>"And then, you know, you said 'Are you lost?' before being slapped by a gigantic root?"<p>

"Please Pharros, stop, I couldn't tell this poor little girl was possessed by a monster of this calibre in the night."

"No no, it was definitely a monster from the beginningâ€¦ *sigh* I am sure Mierra and Wane could tell better memories of your heroic duties."

There is no better therapy than a good fight, then a sincere reconciliation. Hugging each other like two drunkards coming back home, Paul covered in alcohol and Pharros in bruises, they leisurely walked toward the room allocated for them. Paul had no idea what to do, but Pharros was still happily smiling when making his friend remember about old but gold moments. They travelled for years together, but both of them had the feeling they knew each other for an eternity by now.

"I wonder what we should do nowâ€¦"

"How about starting by taking care of Mierra? She is hard to handle. She needs someone as a reference to grow up properly."

"Yeahâ€¦ You're rightâ€¦"

Talking together about the future, Paul projected himself once more as the returned leader of the Green Sword. Should they go on an adventure once more? Or maybe a little vacation together? He honestly had no idea what to do. What a pitiful leader, he called himself.

"Waitâ€¦ What is this?"

Pharros was looking atâ€¦ Something that appeared in the sky. It was hard to tell amongst the clouds, but you could easily tell this one was a little strange. A cloud doesn't look soâ€¦ Blackâ€¦ And it doesn't expand so quickly. His instincts screamed about the danger he was staring at.

"This doesn't look goodâ€¦"

"Is this a monster? A cloud-type? Never heard of itâ€¦"

"A monsterâ€¦ Orâ€¦"

With this covered sky, the sun already couldn't illuminate correctly the whole town. It lacked luminosity, but it still wasn't enough to make everyone blinded by darkness. However, the moment the huge cloud started appearing, shadows overwhelmed the streets. The inhabitants were at first surprised by the sudden change, and all of them started looking at the strange cloud. You didn't need to live the adventurer's life to tell this curious event foretold bad news.

And just when the town was fully covered by his shadow, the bell

rang. From far away, you could hear the shouts of a man, yelling things about a ghost that has returned. Whatever this thing was, as fellows Adamantium adventurers, they immediately knew what to do right now.

"Paul! Go take your equipment! It is still in the room with the others!"

"Roger! You buff me, then go help the guards against whatever is coming!"

After casting some enchants on Paul, they separated from here, Paul remembering the path leading to the hostel, while Pharros ran in the direction of the central plaza. He wasn't alone, everyone was running towards their preferred shelter. Some of them locked themselves in their home, while others tried to take refuge in the mayor's building of the adventurers' guild. A decent amount also tried to escape using the gates, without knowing they'll find the guards' blockade against any exterior threats. As an adventurer, he had to protect everyone. However, Pharros had another objective in his mind. In this city, if he had to repay its debt to someone, it was without a doubt the mayor himself. But his plan crumbled the next moment he felt something on his head. Is it raining? No, he knew immediately what happened when he looked at the sky. The cloud was falling on the city, filling the streets with an opaque fog.

"[Moderate Barrier]!"

An oval sphere surrounded Pharros. The spell could prevent him from taking an average amount of damage before dissipating. Thinking it should be enough against this attack, he then covered his eyes, preparing himself to confront the massive wall of darkness that spread in every directions.

* * *

><p>"What is it, now?"<p>

Startled by the sudden change of luminosity, Netere sent his gaze towards the window. What he saw was a pure black mantle that covered the town of Propose.

"Is thisâ€¦| It must beâ€¦| This isn't goodâ€¦|"

Sending back to his inventory the piece of meat he was going to eat, Netere continued to stare at the strange fog which forbid him to see ten meters away. As a master of illusions, he could be proud to have some interesting resistance against this domain of magic. Nothing in Yggdrasil could bypass his resistance, except 10th tier magic or Super-Tier skills. If this was 10th tier magic, he could counter it with a strengthened 10th tier illusion. If this was Super-Tier skill, then he'll have to use his own Super-Tier skill, with the faint hope that he'll have enough time to cast it. However, something else was confusing him.

As a fellow player, he had a correct knowledge about the game he was playing. While knowing most of the high-level skills, none of the ones in his memory fitted the description of what he was seeing. There was one that could create a fog, but even by being labelled a 10th tier magic, it wasn't a strong illusion, as it covered a large

area. It was effective against non-magic users, but not against someone specialized in this domain. By narrowing the available options, he could only muster the words of what he was fearing the most.

The items' rank went from the most fragile Lowest to the best of the best Divine. And still, there exists another rank beyond this one. Wielding a power ignoring common sense, those items could shatter the game's balance in just one go. With just one of those items, it was possible to make the impossible doable by anyone.

"This can't be! The Gift of the Lost Child ? No!"

The Gift of the Lost Child, a World classed items that had the ability to completely isolate an area from the rest of the world. The lore talked about an orphan who lost his way in the darkest places of the nine worlds. He was so scared that even the shadows surrounding him took pity of him, protecting him from any intruder that entered this realm. It was said he became a powerful entity by embracing the darkness that welcomed him, but nobody managed to meet him. Even the said area was never found by the players.

"It's a trap! It's a fucking trap!"

Letting his anger overcome his emotions, Netere smashed the wall in front of him. The result was the same with the tavern, except that, this time, he didn't hit a support pillar. This level of destruction wasn't enough to confuse him. The current situation was enough for that. With a World item activated, not even a lvl 100 like him could hide from this fog that rendered stealth useless. It was, as he feared, the perfect trap to capture an illusionist. He couldn't even run away, as the town was now separated from everything else. He either has to wait for the duration of the item, or to find it himself, and deactivate it manually. In other words, he either has to hide in this impossible-to-hide fog for one hour, or he manages to locate the user in this same fog that made him unable to see the ground from here.

This isn't a game anymore, reality is too cruel. And because the level of difficulty wasn't high enough, his stomach started to grumble again, angered by the fact that dinner was delayed because of an unfortunate event.

"Damn I'm hungry!"

Taking an apple out of nowhere, Netere tried to calm down his hunger with this frail gift. Of course it wasn't enough, but he couldn't start to deploy a feast here and now just to satisfy himself.

"Stupid! Damn! Passive!"

He could wait here, but now that he smashed the wall, his body was exceptionally exposed with the removal of this invisibility. Running away was the smartest idea he could come up with, but he'll have to take care of any witnesses that come across his way. Should he kill them along the way? But that was now reality. This means everyone here is alive, and killing them would turn him into a murderer.

"Fuck it, I really must hide somewhere."

Jumping from the first floor, Neterere tried to land as lightly as he could. He only remembered now that he could have walked on the wall to avoid this disturbance. Nevermind, he has to go now. Running at top speed, he did meet people, but decided to ignore them. With enough luck, all they'll see is a shadow that suddenly disappeared.

* * *

><p>"He's here! Where is he?!"<p>

"Captain, we can't see anything with this fog!"

"I know that already!"

Doing his job, the first thing Filippe ordered to be done was the ringing of the alarm bell. His senses were tingling more and more, and the arrival of this ominous cloud only sent chills on his back. He is back, the monster that devastated the tavern is back. And now, he's going to ruin the whole town. Looking for a personal revenge, his eyes were wandering on his surroundings, his sword already ready to cut whatever monstrosity dared to approach him.

"Captain, the fog is blinding us! Your orders?!"

Brought back to his sense, Filippe put his panic back in a side of his mind, before reminding himself of his duty and responsibilities.

"We need to protect the civilians! Gather whoever you can find inside the barracks, and tell the others to keep an eye on our food supply! I don't want this fucking Hungry Fairy or whatever to even think about eating our reserve!"

"Yes sir!"

Immediately following the given orders, the guards left their post at the gates to search around the town. Men, women, children, whoever was unfortunate enough to stay outside, even those that decided to lock themselves inside their home was dragged along. The fog was frightfully dense, you could barely see your neighbour. But those soldiers were used to the streets of Propose, they like had a map inside their head. Or so they thought, but the complete absence of any kind of visual clue quickly made most of them lost. Some of them were yelling their position, others asked their way to the barracks. You could hear children crying, men worrying and women panicking in the lot. But nobody expected to hear an agonizing scream.

Right in front of him, the body of one of his man fell on the ground, like a puppet whose string has been cut. Blood spread on the paved ground, while its head started to roll away. He's here! The monster is here! Screaming inside of his skull, Filippe readied the sword and the shields that symbolises his allegiance to the Kingdom of Blue. A strict captain with a firm loyalty towards his country, clad in the armour that protected both his body and the citizens of Propose. He always took pride in all those adornments, then whyâ€¦ Why was there a blade that sprouted from his chest?

"Ahhhâ€¦ Sorryâ€¦ I just loooove it when they stop screamingâ€¦ But you... I see you're from the second category. You don't scream at all. I like you."

Turning back his head, Philippe looked at the culprit that appeared out of nowhere. A monster that speaks? Never heard of it. A monster that silently assassinate you with a sword? It may happens, but still never heard of it. That's why Philippe had a hard time to understand what exactly happened. Where is the monster? That's only the face ofâ€¦ Aâ€¦

"Come on, say a word. It'll make my entertainment even more enjoyable."

The smiling face of a madman, wearing a black jacket that covered his whole body. Suddenly pulling the sword out of Philippe, it was the wounded captain's turn to fall on the ground this time. It shouldn't have been fatal. Or should it have? He doesn't know, he never took a blade in this spot. Is heâ€¦ Is he going to die here? But the pain is already gone, he doesn't feelâ€¦ Anything. However, he couldn't call this feeling a peace of mind, as a hand grabbed his hairs, followed by a sharp blade that was put right in front of his neck.

"Let me show you how delightful this art is. You too will enjoy it, I'm sure."

* * *

><p>"No. No no no! No!"<p>

Shouting out loud his frustration, Rmuderre looked at his town through the window. Now covered in a deep black fog, he could see nothing but despair. He heard nothing but screams and laughs, enough to let him imagine what kind of hell was going on down there. However, we was certain that this event should have never occurred. He made all the preparations that was necessary. He completed all the deeds that he was asked to. He gave everything that could satisfy them. Then why? Why did the Dark guild still decided to attack Propose?

"Enjoying the view, Rmuderre?"

Blenching because of his unawareness, the mayor looked at the man that was standing in the corner of the room. He knew who this man was, and he was afraid to know what awaited him. Sweating bullets, he racked his brain to find an excuse, an argument, anything that could make his life last a bit longer. But he didn't find any. This scene was devoid of sense from his point of view. Actually, it should never had happened in the first place. So the first thing he could ask wasâ€¦

"Why? Why did you attack the town?"

But all he received as an answer was a light laugh. This could only mean that his lifespan was getting closer and closer to an abrupt end. How ridiculous. How inhuman. How unfair.

"Wellâ€¦ We have our reasons."

"Butâ€¦ Butâ€¦ We had a deal!"

"That's part of the reasons."

Rmuderre had various reasons to join the Dark guild's cause. The first, of course, was because he was threatened to. By marking his town in black paint, he already knew that this meant the end of Propose. The next days, he received untold visits of unknown folks in disguise, who dragged him in the underground for a special meeting. It was the usual ceremony to welcome a new guest. Then, when he learnt about the deals and the advantage he could have, his greed talked in his stead. Gold, food, even living beings, from monsters to rare animals, and, of course, humans and demi-humans, for various purposes.

The deal was simple: deliver a decent monthly amount of resources, and the town shall continue to prosper. It was hard at the beginning, but Rmuderre still managed to gather the necessary amount for his survival. He made trade with different people, from the slave merchant to outlaws for special missions. He took profit of those advantages, he did the best he could to satisfy them. Then why? Wasn't it still enough?

"Iâ€¦ I have the things you keep asking for! Just take it and leave!"

"Now nowâ€¦ With everyone enjoying themselves outside, I can't really tell them to go back home, you know? Plusâ€¦ Well, let's just said we found something even more promising."

He took out a familiar object from his pocket, before throwing it on the desk. The mayor knew very well what that this was, its property, its value, and its origin. A few days ago, a monster appeared and devastated a tavern. Then, a strange rumour circulated in the town, talking about a certain Hungry Fairy that bought your food with strange gold coins. Some of them believed they were false, while some were firmly convinced about their outrageous value. Shining on top of the documents, the gold coin was silently lying down.

"We heard about someâ€¦ Fairy that keep giving those extremely valuable coins, andâ€¦ Well, I'm sure you can imagine the story."

His blood trying to escape from reality, the face of Rmuderre suddenly became pale. All those troubles, all those deals he made with the underground, all this money he had to buy only to give them to the Dark guild. All of this for nothing. All of this ruined, because of a fairy that had no idea about the value of the market.

"So, long story shortâ€¦ We're going to ravage this town, until we can find the Hungry Fairy. We take its gold, and thenâ€¦ Well, I always wanted to know what a fairy looks like. I heard they all were female, so I guess some of my men could also be interestedâ€¦"

"Butâ€¦ We had a dealâ€¦"

The man of the Dark guild was a little confused, but quickly regained his composure by letting a long sigh going out of his lungs. Shaking his head in disbelief, he took out another item from his back. This

one was long and sharpened, and simply looking at this weapon put Rmuderre on the verge of crying.

"You're a bit slow, aren't you? Well, it's okay. I mean, you're useless to us now, so now it's goodbye."

"Hiiiiiii!"

Those were the last words the mayor could utter before finding the blade approaching its throat. He found it strange that the world was suddenly shaking. Is this an earthquake? A dull pain circulated from his forehead. The carpet? When did he fall on the ground? And why does he keep moving even whenâ€¦ Why is his body on the other side of the desk? Whyâ€¦ isn't it attached anymore? Whyâ€¦ What did I live for? This isâ€¦ It hurtsâ€¦ Help meâ€¦

He heard the windows being violently smashed by someone. The confusion prevented him from remembering the man's identity. What's happening again?

"Now, Hungry Fairy! You can run, but you can't hide! Come and accept your defeat! It's called destiny, you can't escape from it!"

What is he saying? That doesn't make sense. Why does it hurts so much? Why can't I scream like everyone? Iâ€¦ Iâ€¦

* * *

><p>I have the strange feeling this chapter is shorter... Even when I still count more than 3,000 words...

Well... Nevermind... Still count as one.

End
file.